100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel For C.N. Readers
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 830 Week Ending FEBRUARY 16, 1935 EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE Postage Anywhere One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d

FIRST STEP TO THE GREATEST YET

See Page Two

AN AMAZING NEW THING

THE WONDER CLOCK ON A SHIP

It Goes About the World and Keeps Itself Right

TIME BY ELECTRICITY

Is there any limit to the things man can do in these days? He has now devised a travelling clock which puts itself right as it goes about the world!

When a liner is making a voyage from England to America the clock is put back about an hour a day according to the speed of the ship.

But now comes news of a new kind of synchronous clock which has been fitted throughout in two new Union Castle liners. The clock is run by electricity, and can be so regulated by the frequency of the current that it loses the correct amount of time as it goes along, so that as the ship goes from East to West it *automatically puts itself right at each instant.*

Always Right

The clock always shows the right solar time instead of having to be re-set every night. One master clock, of course, operates all the others in the ship, so that throughout the vessel the clocks always tell the correct time for the part of the world they are in at the moment.

The clocks on the C.N. World Map show what this new clock has to do, and it is little short of a miracle that it can be made to do it for itself.

Electric clocks have, as a matter of fact, been in use since 1895, and were invented as far back as 1840; but the modern type of clock which is now becoming so common is of recent origin, and depends on the fact that alternating current has a "frequency" like a wireless signal. With the introduction of the electric Grid the whole country will turn over to alternating current, and electric clocks are likely to become almost universal.

Electric Current Control

Alternating current is generated by a dynamo, the poles of which change many times a second, becoming alternately positive and negative as the coils of wire on the armature cut the lines of force of the field magnets in different directions.

The ordinary house supply is 50 or 60 cycles, or complete changes from positive through negative to positive, each second; and, provided the frequency is kept absolutely constant at the supply stations, the electric clock will keep perfect time, for the hands are really driven by a tiny "synchronous" motor, which can work only if it keeps exact step with the alternations of the supply current.

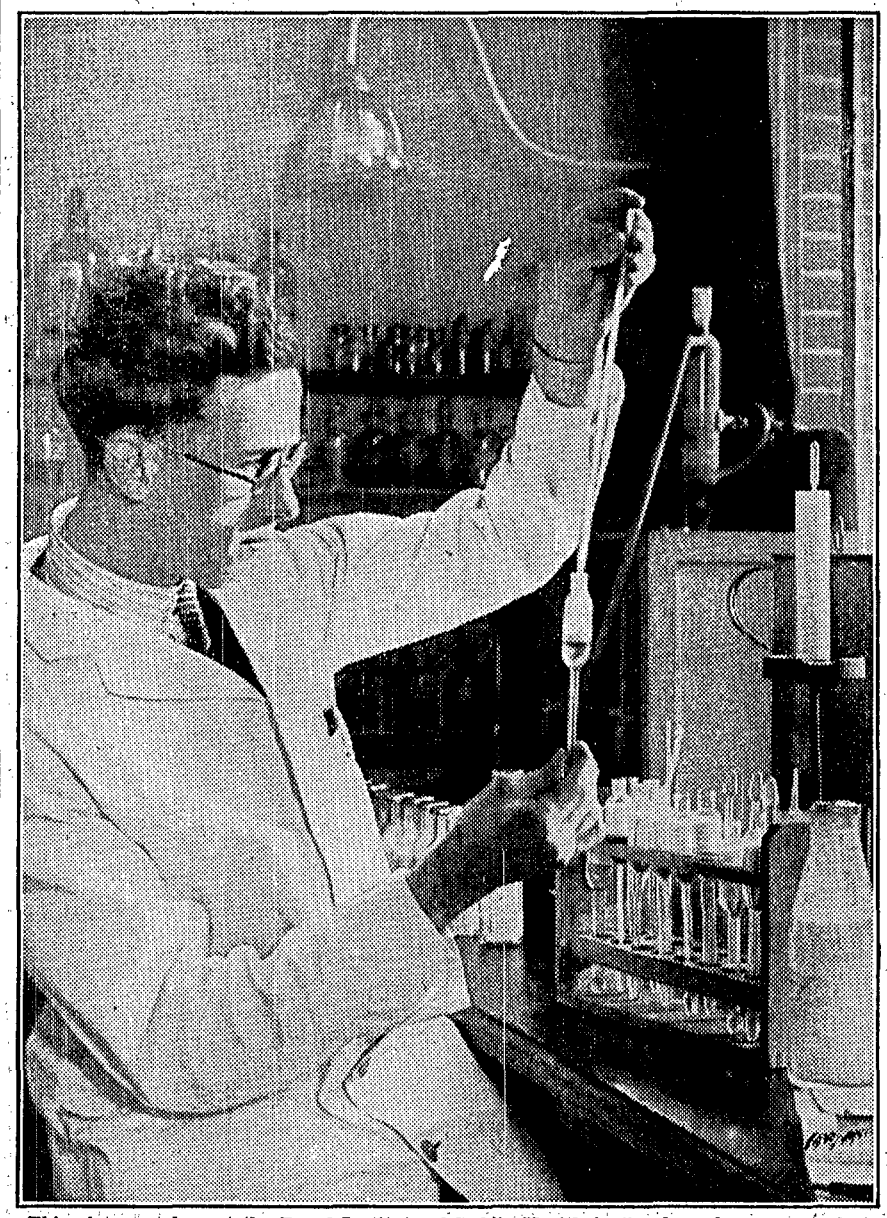
If the navigating officer of a ship, therefore, can calculate from the rate of his ship how far forward (or backward) the clock should be the next day, he can alter the frequency of the current of the master clock so that it will drive all the other electric clocks in the ship the exact amount too fast or too slow.

The most extraordinary accuracy can be obtained by controlling the frequency of the current driving the master clock by means of a quartz oscillator, such as is used in most wireless transmitting stations. Such a clock will keep time within a tiny fraction of a second a year.

If contrary winds, fog, or other sea hazards should upset the navigator's calculations as to the probable position of the ship next day he may, of course, have to make an allowance for it during the *next* day.

The fascinating part about the new sea clocks is that the time forward or backward is gained or lost *gradually*, minute by minute, so that *any* minute throughout the day the clock gives the exact time, whereas on all ships at present the clock is merely put forward or backward *once* a day.

Making Milk Safe



This picture, taken at the Royal Institute of Public Health in London, shows an analyst testing milk to make sure that it is clean and unadulterated.

A JUDGE'S FRIEND

This is the tribute paid by the Lord Chief Justice to Mr. Edward Hall, his old clerk.

It is difficult for me at present to speak of the grievous loss which I have sustained in the death of my dear friend Edward Hall.

For an unbroken period of more than 32 years he had been both clerk and friend to me, combining with high ability the most charming gentleness, kindness, and cheerfulness. He was an accomplished musician and sang in the choir at Westminster Abbey.

It is pleasant to think that he was made a member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of his exceptional services as my clerk in the Law Officers Department during the last years of the Great War and the difficult years that followed the Armistice. His untimely loss will be sorely felt at the Law Courts, where he was loved and respected, and in many quarters throughout the legal profession, but by nobody more poignantly than by me.

A NEW START FOR OUR OLDEST COLONY

FAMOUS ISLAND TO BEGIN AGAIN

The New-Found Wealth That Spoiled Newfoundland

WHY JOHN BULL TOOK IT OVER

Newfoundland, after a bad fall, is struggling to its feet again.

Forest, field, and fisheries are being brought back to the condition where they will support the hardworking people of the island, which is our oldest colony.

Not so many years ago Newfoundland was a rather neglected place on the map. Something was known of the hard and courageous lives of its codfishers, but less of most of the Newfoundlanders and their way of living. Then its wealth of forest was heard of, and the timber placed Newfoundland on the map in quite a different light because it could be used for pulp to supply the world's ever-increasing demand for paper.

The Forest Goldmine

This new-found wealth proved a curse in disguise. Rightly administered it should have benefited all. But this forest goldmine brought about a web of corruption over public finance and private economic ventures. The sum of it all was that while the general public, despairing of any efforts to set things right, washed their hands of public affairs, the land as a whole plunged deeper and deeper into debt.

At the beginning of last year, when the consequence of the slump all over the world had been added to the depression of Newfoundland, it became clear that the country was all but bankrupt, and unable to manage its own affairs.

It took the only step possible after a commission of the Canadian and British Governments had inquired into the matter. Acknowledging their negligences and ignorances, the Newfoundland Legislature prayed that their Constitution should be suspended and that John Bull should take on the business.

A Rift in the Clouds

John Bull has done so, and the New Year began with a rift in the clouds. The budget expenditure has gone down, the Customs receipts are going, though very slightly, up. But more encouraging than this is the fact that the cod fisheries are reviving and the deserving fishermen are being helped. More people are being put on the land. Money that had been going into the pockets of the undeserving is being spent for the public benefit on forests and roads.

The Commission responsible for the New Deal in Newfoundland is not very enthusiastic yet about new wealth coming into the country; but it has taken an indispensable step in sewing up the hole in the country's pocket.

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FIRST STEP TO THE GREATEST YET

LET THERE BE LIGHT

The Beginning of Looking-in and Listening-in Together

TELEVISION ON THE WAY

A new light is about to break on the world, a light that was never on land or sea. It is to be brought to hearth and home on the unseen wings of wireless.

In the words of the Postmaster-General it will become possible this year for many of us to see as well as to hear by our firesides what is happening at some distant point. Television is no longer a dream. It is official.

That is why the Postmaster-General's promise is of such tremendous importance. It is no longer a question of transmitting the picture of something happening over a distance of a few hundred yards or a few miles by means of a complicated and costly apparatus. We may expect that this year there will be a television station in London.

Some Probabilities

With an average range of about 25 miles in any direction it will be able to transmit a scene in a studio for which actors or singers can be engaged. It will be able, also, to transmit the moving pictures of a film. A talking film may, therefore, be reproduced by the fireside on the proper receiving instrument.

There seems every likelihood that certain outdoor scenes which can be caught on the lens of a camera, such as a match on the Centre Court at Wimbledon or the passing of a jubilee procession, will also be transmitted.

What will the listener-in who wishes to become a looker-on have to do to witness these miracles? He will have to get a television set, and in the beginning it will cost him from £50 upwards.

But what of that? We have a recollection that the very first wireless receiving sets also cost £50. Rather crude affairs they were, but a very few years after that schoolboys were making their own sets for about the same number of shillings or less.

The First Television Set

The first rough television set made by Mr Baird is now at the South Kensington Museum (odd it should be there before regular Television begins!), and any schoolboy can see the way it works. The apparatus today represents years of work spent in overcoming difficulties and introducing improvements, but the principle remains the same. A picture or a scene sent by wireless must be split up, like a picture in the C.N., into myriads of dots of various shades of blackness and at varying distances from one another.

Light reflected from these dots is carried by wireless as a vast number of slightly differing electric impulses. When these reach the television receiver they are converted back into the dots of light and shade as which they set out. But, in order that the picture sent may be alive and reproduce movement, large numbers of these pictures must be sent every second and sending and receiving must be exactly timed.

Hope For the Schoolboy

If all this rather damps a schoolboy's expectations that he will be able to make a television set as once he made his wireless, we still shall tell him to hope on. These things have a persistent habit of becoming cheaper; and we are quite sure that in a year or a little more every schoolboy will understand them and will not be satisfied till he gets one.

But these are only the lesser hopes of the new vision. It is the first step that counts. If we can see Perry and Austin winning the Davis Cup a few miles away this year we may soon see

Continued from the previous column

England winning the Ashes in Australia. Who would have thought, when the Marconi signals first flickered across the Channel just before the beginning of the 20th century, that before a third of the century had gone the whole world would be a wireless whispering gallery? It is neither too much to hope nor to expect that the present generation will know the globe as a vast auditorium where everything by the turning of a switch may be seen as well as heard.

CHIEFTAIN OF A PROUD RACE

THRONE FOR PREMPEH THE SECOND

The Progress of Civilisation Among the Ashantis

THE GOLDEN STOOL

The Ashantis once again have a native ruler of their own. He will sit beside a golden stool.

When the Ashantis crowned their kings last century they placed a golden stool beside the coronation chair. This stool was believed to have supernatural qualities, like the stone in our own Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey: that Stone of Destiny which Edward the First brought from Scone in 1296. It was too sacred for even their king to sit on; he might only rest his arm upon it.

It is 35 years since the Ashanti people, who live in the Gold Coast area of West Africa, have been British subjects. They have had no king because Prempeh the First, who had promised good behaviour in the matter of slave-raiding and so on, broke his promise and was deposed in 1896.

Four Little Wars

Last century there were four separate little wars against this Negro people. Two hundred years ago they were a weak race subject to enslavement by their stronger neighbours, when suddenly a king rose among them who used fetishes so effectually that the enslaved became slave-drivers. The Ashantis raided the races between their land and the coast, selling them by the thousand for transport across the Atlantic.

Lord Wolseley and B-P (the Chief Scout) were engaged in these expeditions, which resulted in the capture of Kumasi, the capital. The golden stool, however, mysteriously disappeared. Prempeh was sent into exile in the Seychelles Islands, and his people retained their proud dignity under Chiefs. So proud are they that it is only with great difficulty that they can be persuaded to act as servants to white men.

Their method of showing honour to one of higher rank than themselves is the baring of their left shoulders, over which their garments hang.

Paramount Chief

The new Asantihene, the native name for Paramount Chief, who has the privilege of keeping his shoulder covered in the presence of the British rulers of the Gold Coast Government, is to be known as Prempeh the Second. His uncle, Prempeh the First, died in 1931, and at his funeral the golden stool, brought forth from its hiding-place, was carried in procession, for he had reformed and had been permitted to return home in 1924, being raised to the dignity of Kumasihene, or Chief of Kumasi, two years later.

Prempeh the Second is now Paramount Chief over the territory, a higher dignity than his previous one of Chief of the town of Kumasi.

Seated beside his golden stool Prempeh the Second will be a dignified figure, and will be the head of a people which cultivates its rich soil industriously and is rapidly extending its cocoa plantations.

The native population is about 600,000, and there is now little serious crime in this tropical land.

70 CHILDREN IN A GREAT ADVENTURE

WHY THEY WERE LATE FOR SCHOOL

Captured By Pirates on the China Seas

AND SAVED BY THE BRITISH FLEET

Pirates in pantomimes and pirates in story books are all very exciting, but the 70 children lately captured by real pirates on the China seas will feel superior for the rest of their lives.

Their fantastic adventure was made tragically real by the killing of one of their Russian guards by the pirates, but the children themselves came to no harm, and the fact that the pirates delayed their return to school must make the adventure, terrifying though it was at the time, now seem doubly wonderful.

After the Holidays

These British and American children had been picked up at Shanghai by the British steamer Tungchow, and were on their way back to school at Chefoo after their holidays. There were other passengers on the steamer, and a dozen of these suddenly threw off their disguise of peaceful Chinese citizens and proceeded to capture the wireless apparatus, take command of the ship, lock up the children, the crew, and the real passengers, and alter the ship's course from north to south.

For three days the steamer was in the hands of these pirates, who, almost it seems in the best tradition of British pantomime, got busy with their paint-pots and changed the black funnel to red and white, the Tungchow's name to Toamaru, and then proceeded to collect what money and jewellery and loot they could find.

An Ill-Famed Bay

Arrived off a point near the ill-famed Bias Bay, haunt of pirates, they signalled to a junk which drew close, and then sailed off with the first load of loot. But there was no time for a second load, for the British Navy, the great policeman of the seas, had also got busy. News had come that the Tungchow was overdue, and a search party of two battleships, destroyers, and the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Hermes set out.

It was one of the aeroplanes from the Hermes which found the steamer not far north of Hong Kong, hundreds of miles out of her course. The pirates bolted at once in the ship's boat, taking with them hostages; but directly they got to shore safely without a bomb exploding on them they let the hostages go and took to their heels.

The hostages were picked up by another boat, and brought back to the steamer, which, four days after setting out from Shanghai to go north to Chefoo, arrived hundreds of miles to the south at Hong Kong.

We would like to have heard the children's cheers when they saw the British aeroplane coming to their rescue; and we would like to hear some of the stories woven out of this adventure, which must make every small boy in England jealous.

THE BOOMERANG

While practising off the port of Brest a French destroyer loosed off a torpedo, which took the wrong turning.

Instead of pursuing its course to an innocent ending some flaw in the mechanism impelled it to turn round and head straight back to its parent destroyer. The torpedo was not carrying a destructive charge and the destroyer was not struck by an explosive cyclone, but she had, none the less, to put back to port in order to recover from this very queer occurrence.

HOLDER OF OUR PROUDEST POSTS

MR J. H. WHITLEY

Of Such is the Kingdom of the Englishman

A GREAT YORKSHIREMAN'S LIFE

The nation has lost in Mr J. H. Whitley one of its most characteristic sons.

By sheer force of character and by his great public spirit he won his way as a plain and honest Yorkshireman to two of the proudest positions England can give a man.

When everything else is said about Mr Whitley we wonder if the most significant thing of all is not this—that he was the head of the biggest organ of publicity in the world and yet remained a modest figure behind the scenes. He lived to serve God and man and the highest within him, and had no desire for the profits of this world.

He sat in Parliament as a Liberal for 21 years, and for seven years he was Speaker of the House of Commons. He was the first business man to become Speaker and the first Nonconformist, and he was the first Speaker for nearly a century and a half to remain a Commoner. It was enough to him to be one of his fellow-men.

The Whitley Councils

He has served them well, and all the world over the Whitley Councils are still a great factor in maintaining industrial peace. They came into being at the end of the war, when it was felt that something must be done to develop friendly machinery for adjusting relations between masters and men. It was Mr Whitley who was chosen to guide that work, and as Chairman of a Reconstruction Committee he was chiefly responsible for the founding of Whitley Councils in factories and workshops. In these important years Whitleyism took firm root in many of our industrial areas, and the councils are still working.

It was in 1930, after he had been Chairman of a Committee on India, that he was given the important post of Chairman of the B.B.C., and those who listened to the moving tribute of Sir John Reith must have realised how precious had been his counsel there and how closely he had woven himself into the life of Broadcasting House. If the B.B.C. has become the most esteemed and the most efficient of all our institutions it is due in no small degree to the spirit of Mr Whitley working in perfect sympathy with the spirit and energy of Sir John Reith.

High in Honour and in Love

To an immense enthusiasm for his work, said Sir John, Mr Whitley joined the decision and strength, the calm and impartial judgment, of a statesman and a man of affairs. "For all this, for the Christian and absolute integrity of his character, and for his kindliness, we bear him high, very high, in honour and in love."

We remember having tea with him in his rooms at the House of Commons, and we know that what Sir John said is true. Of such as he is the kingdom of the Englishman in this world and the kingdom of Heaven in the next.

THINGS SAID

Drive slowly. We love our children.

Notice in an American village

A country particularly dear to my heart, and of which I have dear memories.

The Pope on England

One of the greatest misfortunes of the man of the twentieth century is, perhaps, that he has lost faith in himself.

M. André Rousseaux

We have come nearer than any other country to the conception of educating the whole man for his whole life.

Lord Eustace Percy

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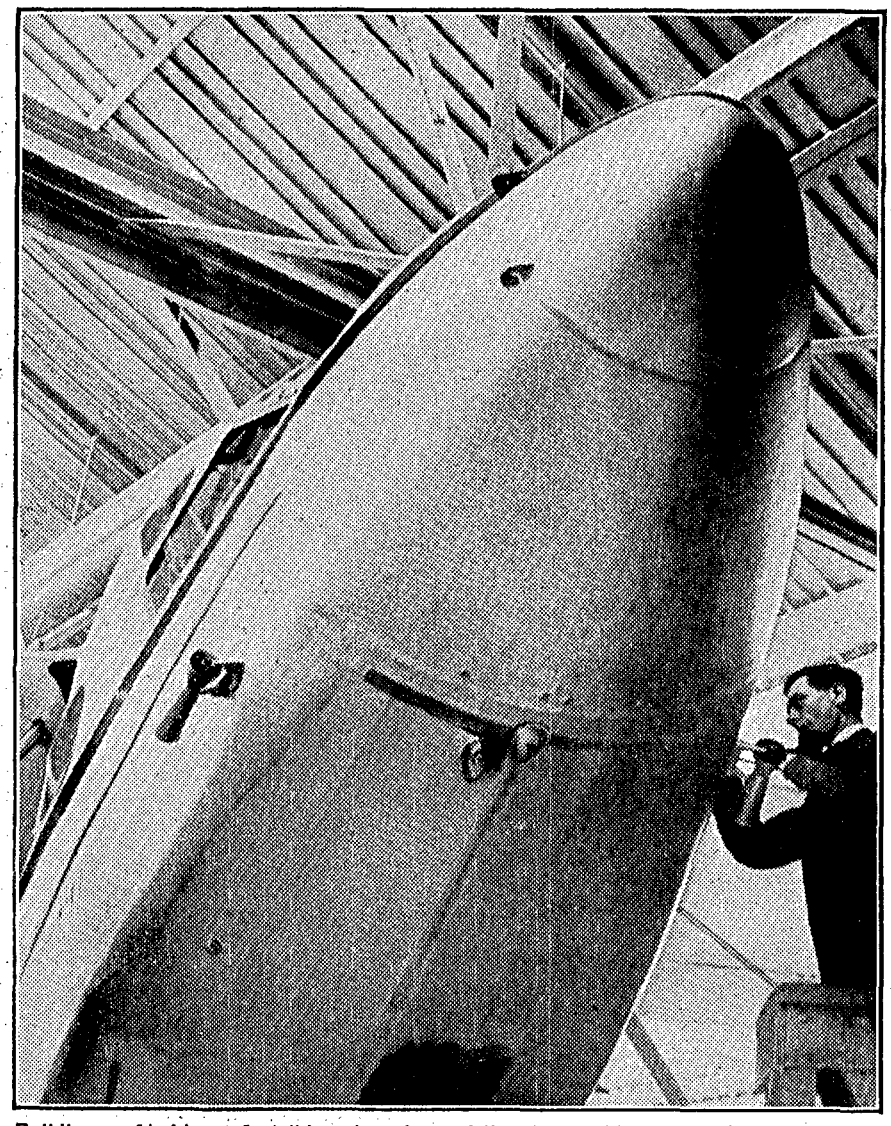
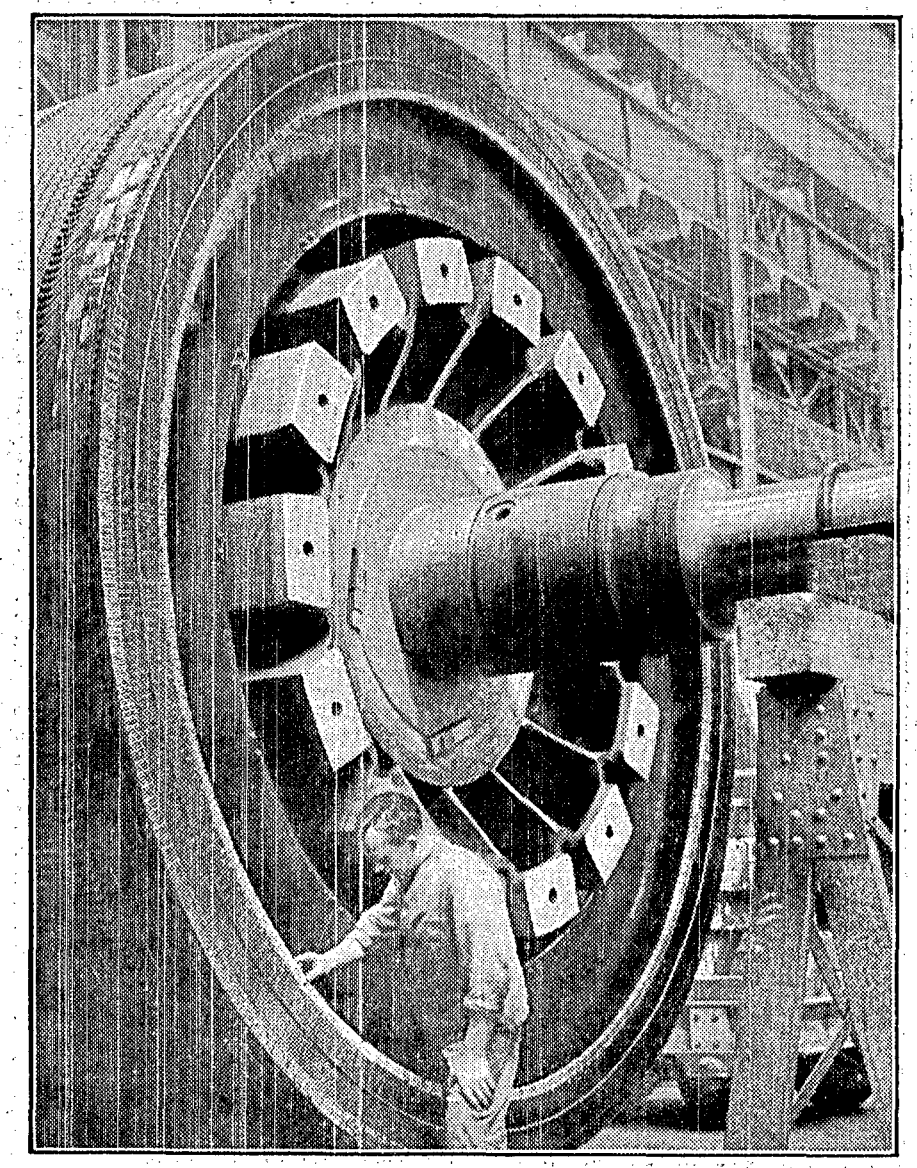
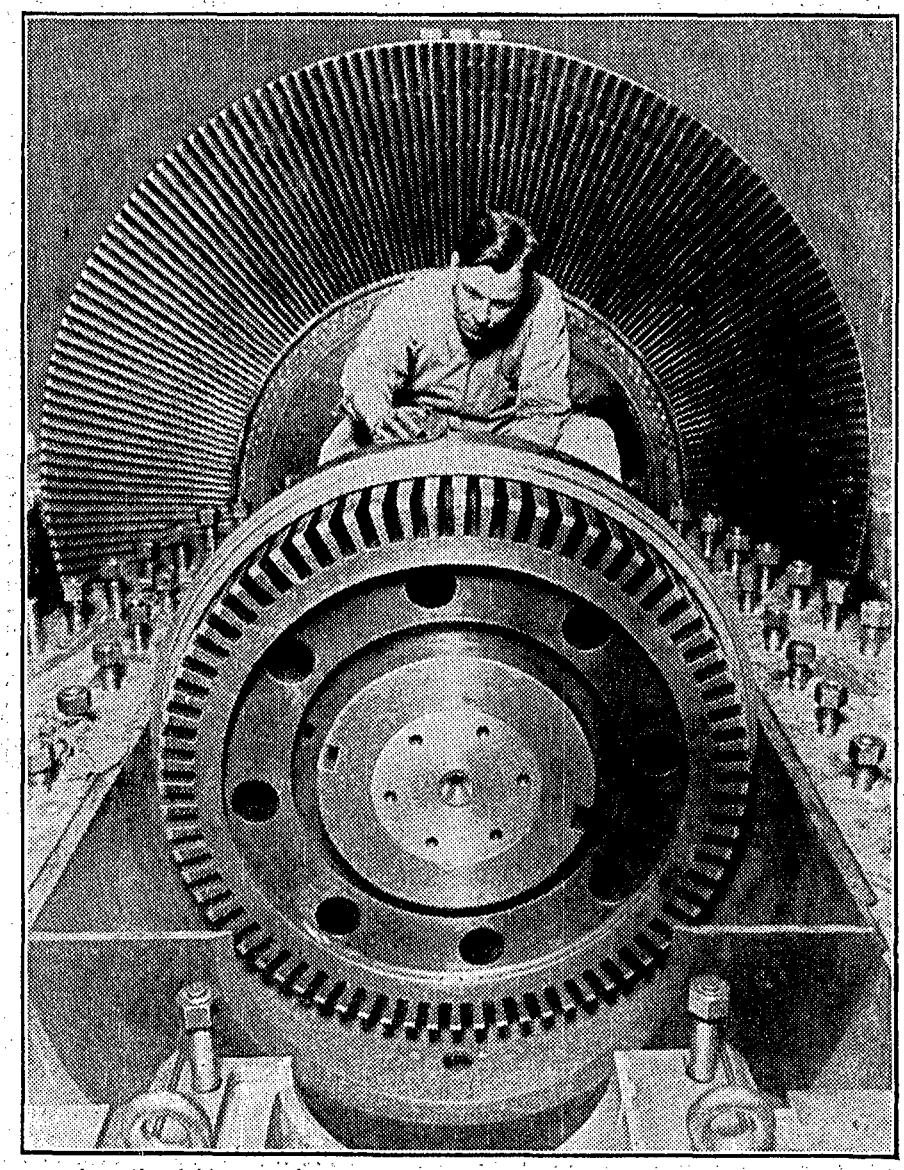
PAINTING A MAST · BUILDING AN AIR LINER · WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Painting a Mast—These men were working against time to complete the painting of a mast of the Cunard-White Star liner Olympic before she sailed from Southampton.



Building an Air Liner—A striking view of one of the six new 14-passenger machines being built for Jersey Airways by De Havilland's. They will have a cruising speed of 145 m.p.h.





Wheels of Industry—On the left, the armature of a generator made in a German factory; and, on the right, the turbine of a new generator in the Battersea Power Station.

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ITALY TESTING A GREAT IDEA

SIX MONTHS TO FIND OUT

Will a Shorter Week Solve the Unemployment Problem?

A GOOD BEGINNING

Italy is seeing what a 40-hour week for workmen will do for unemployment.

The idea behind the 40-hour week is to spread the working hours of the labouring population over a larger number of workers. If each workman toils a shorter number of hours more men will be drafted in.

This arithmetical way of dealing with the unemployed has many advocates in our own country, as well as in Germany and the United States, where, as here, the number of unemployed reaches millions.

Italy has fewer than any of these countries, and therefore can undertake the experiment with less danger of dislocating the machinery of industry and at less cost. It has also far fewer engaged in manufactures, especially in the south, where the majority are on the land and have a lower standard of living than in the towns or in the industrial centres of more northerly countries.

Attention To Details

But with all these qualifications the Italian experiment should be one of very great value, for it is conducted in no haphazard way, but with careful attention to details, such as can be employed when the numbers are not very great.

For example, the whole number of unemployed in Italy is less than a million, and the number of those subject to what is called severe unemployment, by which may be meant permanent unemployment, about 200,000. Of these there were, when the Government began its trial of the 40-hour week, 100,000 men and 50,000 women.

That was a month ago, and in a fortnight the great majority of these had been absorbed. No alteration was made in the standard wages or in the sum paid out for them. The only change was that more people received payment.

The experiment is to continue for six months, and its success seems to depend on the continuance of the unselfish cooperation between workmen and employers which has been given to it.

G.O.M. OF MADEIRA

90 Years of a Wonderful Life

The Grand Old Man of Madeira has passed on a few days after his 95th birthday.

It is sixty years since Dr Michael Grabham went to Madeira, and ever since then he must have been the life and soul of the British community, for he had many interests. He was scientist and musician, and had a big organ at his home in Madeira. During one of his yearly visits to England he gave an organ recital in St Paul's before the Overseas Premiers who were visiting London.

When he was 80 he read a paper on biology before the Royal Institution, and was made Bradshaw Lecturer to the Royal College of Physicians. At 90 he was still enthusiastically doing medical research.

He was a valued member of the British Association, and took part in its discussions on Climate and Health and on Meteoric Dust, and he was also keenly interested in insects and plants. Clocks were another of his hobbies, and members of his household had no excuse if they were unpunctual, for Dr Grabham had 140 clocks of all periods and designs.

TRIUMPH OF A HEN

The Right of the Road

Pedestrians, who are so often likened to flustered hens by those who whiz by on vehicles, will be delighted to hear that a hen has triumphed in an action brought against it in the French courts by a cyclist.

The cyclist claimed damages from the owner of the hen for letting it stray on the road, where it upset his cycle and his arm was broken.

It was, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that the hen was keeping to its right side, and that it was all the cyclist's fault. The court implied that a hen has as much right as its owner to take a walk along the road, and it is for the cyclist to avoid both.

Although an appeal is being heard, we who are so often in the position of flustered pedestrians must admit that our sympathies are with the hen.

THE FINE LIFE OF AN OLD LADY

Friend of All Nations

There has passed away in London one of the most internationally minded women of our day. All over the world men and women mourn for Madame Andre Rieder.

She was the American wife of a Frenchman. She had studied in foreign universities and had travelled in the East; her books on Citizenship are used in Turkish schools, and as the representative of 40 million women she carried a message of thanks to Mustapha Kemal in 1932.

She lectured in the cause of international peace at Geneva, in Spain, and Turkey and Cuba, in England and in America. In Mexico she spoke at many places in Spanish about the women's movements throughout the world.

She should be remembered for her learning and achievements, but it was the generosity and sympathy she brought to her work which won the hearts of all peoples. Arab and Turkish women particularly she helped by her study of their aims and attendance at their congresses, and in all she did there was no self-seeking, only the loving desire to serve others to the best of her great ability.

Surely her eager life of 72 years is like one firm stone added to the foundations of the Palace of Peace.

WAL PAGET

A Tale of Sherlock Holmes

An artist friend whose drawings have helped thousands of us to visualise great scenes in both history and fiction has painted his last picture. His name is Wal Paget, many of whose drawings enrich the Children's Encyclopedia. Another famous series from his brush is in Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island, in the first illustrated edition of that work.

Wal Paget was an artist who took the utmost pains to get every detail accurate. In his capacity for research he was a veritable Sherlock Holmes, and as a matter of fact he was the only Sherlock Holmes who has ever been gazed upon, having sat as the model for that immortal character in fiction when his brother Sidney illustrated Conan Doyle's stories month by month for the Strand Magazine.

Strangely enough, Wal Paget should have been the artist and not the model. The editor, Mr Greenhough Smith (who himself has lately passed away), was seeking an illustrator, and remembered an artist named Paget who had been the representative of the Illustrated London News with the Gordon Relief Expedition. He had forgotten his Christian name, however, and wrote to his brother instead, so that Sidney Paget got the commission, and Wal, who should have had it, became the model!

BETTER SCHOOLS

More Scholarships

DENTAL TREATMENT FOR EVERY CHILD

Better schools and more scholarships for able children are promised.

The Education Committee of the L.C.C. has framed a three-year plan of remodelling based on a thorough survey of each elementary school.

There is to be hot water and the sanitation of the oldest schools will be brought up to modern requirements. Forty of the most out-of-date school buildings are to be remodelled.

It is held that the secondary schools should be recruited from the ranks of those best able to profit by them, and the number of scholarships will be increased and be open to all children from elementary and private schools. By 1942 there will be 4800 more scholarship winners of 11 who will have entered secondary schools, 200 more who secured entry at 13, and 1800 more holders of special places awarded at the schools. That will mean 6800 more scholarship holders in secondary schools. This will cost an extra £120,000 a year.

There are to be new experimental courses and scholarships to enable modern-language students to finish their studies abroad. More technical classes are to be arranged. Evening classes are to be more liberal.

Inquiry is to be made into the food of London children and a dental service is to be at the disposal of every child.

HALF AS MANY CHILDREN IN 25 YEARS

Birthrate Up Slightly

The birthrate of England and Wales rose by the fraction of 0·4 per 1000 last year, which means that rather more than one child was born for every 3000 of our people. It means about 20,000 more babies.

This slight increase raised the birthrate to 14·8 per 1000. The population is still really falling and the average age increasing, as the old become a larger proportion of the whole.

The fall is as yet concealed by the survival of older generations, but in about seven years it will appear clearly in the total. Thereafter the fall will be considerable unless a great change occurs in the birthrate.

The most striking thing about it is that by about 1960 the number of our children will be half the present number.

OUR STATIONS DULL NO MORE?

The usual railway waiting-room is a dull place, and those who have had time to spare at Waterloo lately will have been most pleasantly surprised.

Our enterprising Southern Railway has bought a set of caricatures by James Tissot, the well-known French artist who died early this century, and on the walls of the waiting-room at Waterloo we may now see some of his Great Victorians—Edward the Seventh as Prince of Wales, Napoleon the Third, Victor Emmanuel, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin, Tom Hughes, and 20 more. There are also a few engravings of early stations.

Now that the railway companies have such attractive posters for advertising purposes it would seem the obvious thing to use them in brightening up the very places where people are glad to have something to attract their eyes.

The L.N.E.R. is planning special colour schemes for some of its important stations. We know many stations that could do with a few pots of paint, and many a dejected waiting-room which seems to have abandoned all hope of ever being cheerful again. If the supply of Eminent Victorians is limited, we suggest that caricatures of Eminent Georgians might prove equally amusing.

U.S.A. AND THE WORLD

SENATE SURPRISE

Rebuff For Mr Roosevelt and Disappointment in Europe

OLD POLICY UP AGAIN

A group of timid senators has once again let down President Roosevelt, though all the world had thought the Senate would give its consent to the adherence of their country to the World Court.

At the last moment the old suspicions came to life again and Mr Roosevelt's proposal failed to receive sufficient support. It is true that he had a majority of 52 supporters against 36, but a two-thirds majority is necessary under the Constitution.

It is a surprising as well as a most disheartening decision, for, as the C.N. recorded the other day, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate decided strongly in favour of joining the World Court, and a succession of Presidents and Foreign Secretaries have all been in favour of it. It is surprising because the Senate usually supports its Committee, and the statesmen and Press of the whole of Europe were quick to give an enthusiastic welcome to America.

Narrow-Minded Senators

Surely this attitude of goodwill should have influenced a final vote in the Senate, but it did not do so, and some of the speeches proved that there are senators who are as narrow-minded as the most uneducated peasant. It is pitiful to read that a poor blind senator cried out vehemently in scorn of Europe.

President Roosevelt has been badly let down, and among those who voted against the resolution on which he had set his heart were 20 Democrats, though on the other side there were nine Republicans who voted for adherence.

The decision is a loss to Europe, but it is also a loss to America, for there are few great questions now which are not international, and all disputes should be brought before an international tribunal if the peace of the world is to be preserved.

A HERO PROMOTED

The Navy cannot make a hero, but it can make a hero an admiral.

Captain Geoffrey Layton, D.S.O., has become Rear-Admiral Layton.

In 1915 he commanded the submarine E13 and was taking her into the Baltic when she ran aground on the Danish island of Saltholm.

It was not bad seamanship but bad luck, due to a faulty compass.

A Danish torpedo boat hastily came up, because the E13 was now in Danish territory, and her men were therefore Denmark's prisoners, and under her protection. Nevertheless, the bad luck of the E13 continued.

Three German destroyers appeared and began to shell the wreck. The little Danish torpedo boat protested in vain. Fifteen officers and men of the E13 were killed.

The Danes took the survivors to Copenhagen, where they were interned.

It was a little dull to be interned, but it was safe. Commander Layton, however, felt it was wrong to live safely while the rest of his countrymen suffered. He therefore withdrew his parole.

The Danes redoubled all precautions; but Layton slipped past several sentries in the darkness and entered the water, despite 18 degrees of frost. He swam from the barracks to the town area, went ashore, undressed, wrung the icy water out of his clothes, dressed again, and crossed the ferry into Norway.

He did not die of pneumonia, and he was not shot as a spy; but he had some narrow squeaks before he reached London.

England still expects each man to do his duty, and he thought that to be his.

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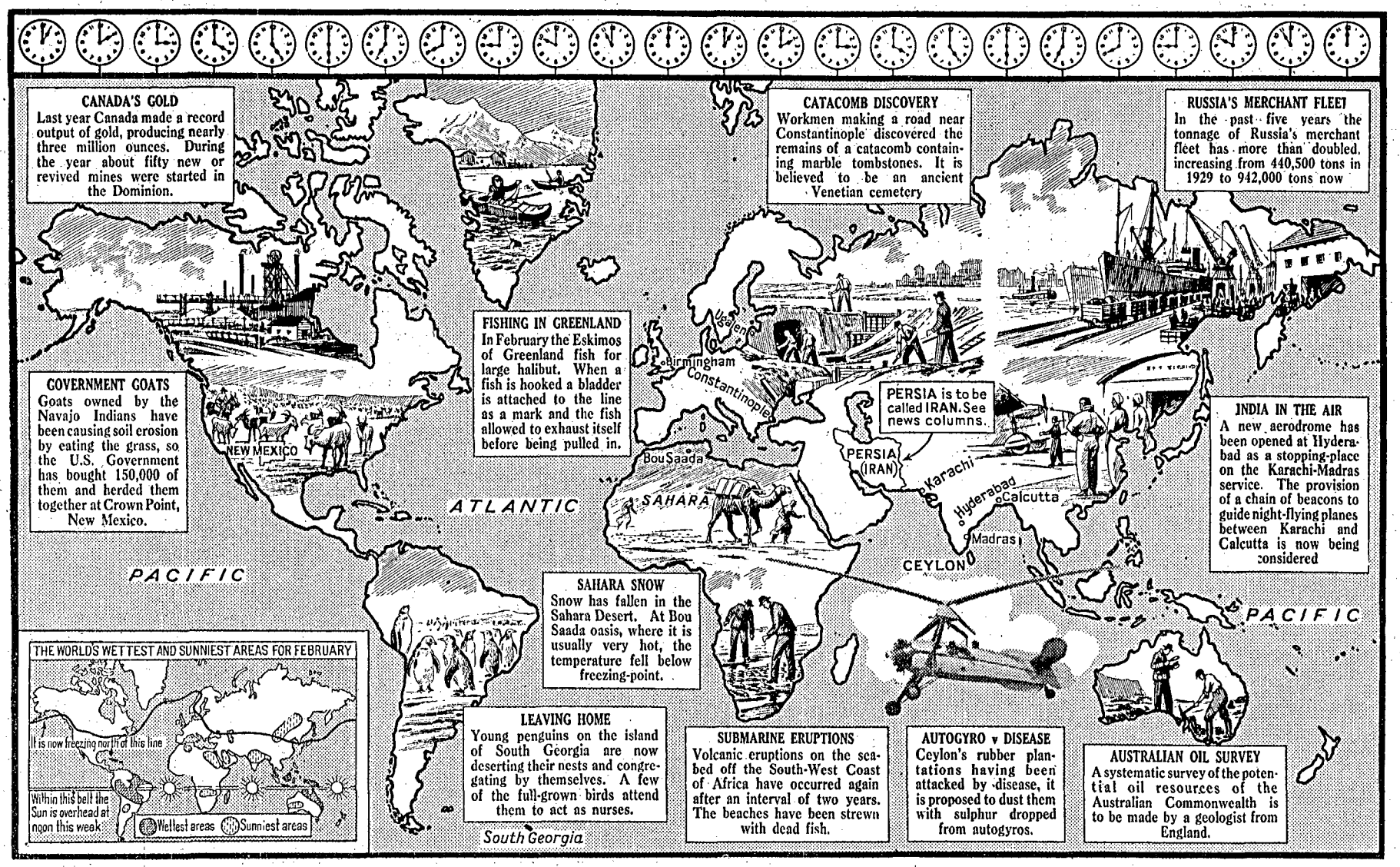
PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



PERSIA OFF THE MAP?

The Game of Changing Names

Persia is joining the countries that have exasperated the mapmakers and confused the historians by changing their names.

We are no more, it seems, to call Persia by that well-known name.

Persia was originally the land of the Aryans and was called Ariana, the modern form of which is Iran.

It is announced that the Imperial Persian Government, having found that Persia is not an all-embracing word for the country of Iran, has decided to have the word replaced by the name Iran.

In ancient times the people called Persians were of the district then known as Persis, the south-western part of Iran; it is now called Fars. The Greeks coined the word Persia, and it has remained. It seems a pity to change it after all these years, though we cannot wonder that the Iranians desire to be known by their proper name, which covers all their country. They have a long and glorious history, and their arts and literature are magnificent. They produced not only Xerxes and Darius the warriors, but Omar Khayyam among a number of other gifted poets and writers.

Persia has a population of, roundly, nine millions. Ispahan, once the capital, which in ancient times had a million people, has now only 100,000, and Teheran, the modern capital, has about 250,000. *See World Map*

THE MAN OF RESOURCE

Mr Norman Walls, a Skegness post office supervisor, is a man of resource.

A big aeroplane circling over the town sent out the word Name, and Mr Walls was quick to respond. Borrowing a hand mirror from a chemist's shop, he used the headlights of a car to flash the name Skegness in Morse.

Thanks, replied the grateful pilot in the sky, and flew off knowing his whereabouts.

A MASTER ON THE MEN

The Little Something

Someone attacked building wages for being too high compared with those in other trades, and suggested that a builder's man has "a little something that others have not got."

Upon this Sir Jonah Walker-Smith, M.P., Director of the National Federation of Building Employers, remarks that the "little something that others haven't got" includes lack of continuity of employment, lost time due to weather conditions, no holidays with pay, and a degree of discomfort and risk in excess of that endured by the great majority of workpeople.

These words were issued on a day when tens of thousands of builder's men were idle because of hard frost.

The bricklayer may seem to have a high rate, but he is paid only for the hours in which work offers.

THE TOY BALLOON

From Birmingham To Latvia

Next to the flower-seller the balloon-seller has the jolliest things to sell of any street trader, and out of sheer gratitude for the gaiety of his coloured wares many a mother buys a balloon for her child, although she says:

"Of course it's a waste of money. It won't last!"

It does not last. But whose fault is that? The balloon's! shout hundreds of indignant children. No, proof to the contrary comes from Latvia.

The other day someone walking through a forest near Ugalen in Latvia saw something bright hanging in a tree. It was a toy balloon, and attached to it was a card saying that it had been released at the People's Carnival held in Birmingham last October.

It had flown 1200 miles. It had braved all the winter gales. It had crossed seas and mountains. Would it have survived a week, we wonder, in the hands of a child?

THAT GREEN GIRDLE

Slow Progress of a Great Idea

The enthusiasm aroused by a practical move by the L.C.C. to form a green belt in Greater London before the land of the outer circle is completely covered serves to direct attention to the slow progress of great ideas.

In a well-known work on social reform published in 1905 we read:

The rulers of our towns, instead of directing their attention to the outskirts, have practically confined themselves to tinkering at the centre. It is better to leave a zone between the town's present circumference and the site of its new housing area. It is of the utmost importance that all municipalities should without further delay secure considerable areas of the land which surround their townships.

Not for London alone this thirty-year-old proposal, but for all cities. *Without further delay.* The children who were ten when that book was written are now 40, but no green girdles were made for them.

MILK IS BEST

In Barnsley many glassworkers prefer to drink milk rather than beer, and at one big works a daily supply of new milk is consumed.

A principal of the firm states that the demand for milk comes chiefly from the fitters, and that there is a new generation growing up who much prefer milk to the beer which their fathers used to drink. This is a good sign, and it shows that the new generation has good sense and a right appreciation of values.

THE NIGHTMARE

The other day a man who went through the war jumped out of a window because he thought German soldiers were chasing him.

He had slept badly ever since the war, and had been haunted by this nightmare.

SECRET TREASURE

The Farmer Off To the War

A 300-YEAR-OLD TALE ENDS

Aesop hundreds of years ago told the story of a fowl scratching about in a field and unearthing a precious jewel, which was kicked aside as good for nothing because it could not be eaten.

Cattle have just repeated the incident at Higher Muckleford in Dorset, where a farmer was working round his farm when he saw something gleaming in loose earth which the cattle had rooted up on a bank.

The gleam was gold. He scraped away the ground and discovered about 100 Stuart gold coins.

It is easy to guess how they came there. England was at Civil War. Some honest yeoman deemed it to be his duty to join in the struggle, but before he rode away he must hide his savings in a place less easily found than the loose brick up the chimney.

So the farmer stole out one moonlit night and looked round as guiltily as a thief, crept into the chosen field, and buried his savings in a bank near a certain tree.

Perhaps he fell at Edgehill or at Marston Moor. He never came back for his gold.

The primroses and violets came and went nearly 300 times over it. Probably the tree that marked the spot has long ago gone from its place. And now, after all, the gold has returned to the man who holds Higher Muckleford Farm.

The treasure trove has been given to the police, and an inquest must be held on it, but we are sure the Crown will allow some of the gold to return to Higher Muckleford Farm, where it was earned 300 years ago.

India took from Lancashire 54 million square yards of piece goods every month of the third quarter of 1934 against 30 millions in the same period of 1933.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
FEBRUARY 16 ❀ ❀ 1935

We Are All Very Much Alike

WE have now increasing opportunity of seeing what other people are like. As far as Science can bring it about, the international barriers are coming down, the trumpet of common sense is blown, and the ramparts of ignorance fall. Only the political barriers are in the way.

In this great and vitally important work the camera, the telegraph, the picture house, and the microphone all play their part. We see and hear as never before. From every country we get pictures taken a few weeks, a few days, even a few hours ago, showing our good friends the inhabitants of the Earth as they actually are.

For example, there are pictures before us from Russia showing men and women listening to a speaker in the Ural Mountains; persons of both sexes singing, dancing, and playing musical instruments in the open fields and woodlands near the great factory in which they work; young people marching joyfully to recreation; a steelworker cutting steel; a brigade of masons photographed after making a record in construction.

The thing that strikes one most about all these pictures is their common likeness. Throughout Europe men are returning to the custom of clean-shaving, which was common in Roman times but was abandoned when the Barbarians overthrew the Roman Empire and introduced the beard again. The methods of trimming hair and beard have much to do with what is called "foreign" in appearance, and now that nearly all Europe is again clean-shaven we see faces without disguise and recognise features that might be met in any English street.

Not a few of the pictures to which we refer, if published with English titles and described as taken in London, Birmingham, or Glasgow, would pass muster as home productions.

So it is also with sound. When, listening on the wireless, we hear glorious music, loved by ourselves and applauded by audiences we have never seen, how clearly we realise that men are one, that humanity is a common possession, that the gifts of all are the gifts of each, the small differences serving to make for wonderful variety!

Let the good work go on. Let newspapers and picture houses and wireless continue increasingly to publish the best of all possible news, which is that the world consists of about 2000 million men, women, and children who may well rejoice in each other's existence and hail each other as friends and comrades.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Sham Pearls

THE other day thieves broke into the home of a well-known lady and stole her sham pearls.

"They were evidently not aware," she said afterwards, "that all my big jewellery went into baby work and such things long ago."

The thieves were not caught. The lady would have lost her pearls and have had nothing to show for them if she had not given them to a good cause long ago. How wise as well as good she was in putting her jewellery into baby work!

❀

Bring Back the Bible

PROFESSOR DOVER WILSON believes that the slovenly English now so commonly used is largely due to the neglect of the Bible, that well of English undefiled. In the old days the daily reading of the lovely and dignified language of the Bible accustomed children to the use of good English.

Now we substitute as a prime educational influence the horrible language of the talking film, the worst English ever known.

There is no doubt that the disuse of the Bible is a potent factor in the vulgarising of our mother tongue. We have put aside a great example. Time was when a miner's M.P. would rise in Parliament and deliver a speech in beautiful Bible English; why should our people be deprived of so great an influence in education?

❀

Bumble Still Alive

IT appears that Bumble is still with us. An official report on the treatment of casuals in Berks, Bucks, and Oxon states:

It appears that when admission to wards exceeds the accommodation casuals sleep either on mattresses or boards placed on the floor, or on the floor itself. We found that the searching of casuals was not being properly carried out at all the casual wards, and we attribute the failure to carry out the Minister of Health's instructions fully to the inadequate staffing.

Meals for the casuals were found to be wrapped up in old newspapers. It is a comfort to learn that reforms are to be made, but that such things should be done in 1935 . . !

❀

Bird News

FAR too little news we hear of the dramatic events of the bird world.

We were telling a friend the other day how we watched a rook fly over a wood and come back in a minute leading a thousand more; and the friend told us how he had seen a small flock of starlings come to the aid of another flock fighting a sparrowhawk. It seemed that they were not wanted, for in a minute they were on their way again having apparently made up their minds that the other flock needed no help.

The Country Policeman Comes To Town

IN these days of beacons and traffic lights it is strange to hear this story of a London policeman.

A friend of ours, crossing the road at a crowded corner, was forced to return to the island.

The policeman standing there discovered that she came from the country, and then said: "I live in the country too, and sometimes this London traffic frightens me. It's all right when I wear my uniform (then I don't mind crossing in front of it), but when I get into my ordinary clothes I don't dare!"

❀

Tip-Cat

PASSENGERS on a suburban railway complain that they have a lot to put up with. Feel they can't stand any more.

FOOD, it is declared, can be obtained from wood. But it goes against the grain.

TOBOGGANERS were charged for using a hill. The owners came down on them.

MANY people have no time to think. Some need more than time.

IT is no good having a special style of hairdressing unless you can carry it off. Or keep it on.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

Why the burglar stole a march

GOLF professionals are earning more. Yet their work is all play

A CORRESPONDENT asks, Does a masseur make a good living? Manages to rub along.

HOW is it that although a man may live beyond his income he usually protests that he is behind with his rent?

WE find more mud than flowers in the garden at this time of the year. We can only pick our way.

A MAN in Germany lives on onions. A diet most people would sniff at.

GRAVEL is sold by the yard. But it is usually wanted in the garden.

THE Secret of Wealth is the title of a newspaper article. Everybody would like to keep it.

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THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FINCHLEY is to plant 5000 trees for the King's Silver Jubilee.

THE Clyde Shipbuilding yards have more work than at any time in three years.

A BRICKLAYER at Hull laid 3000 bricks in four hours.

JUST AN IDEA

If you think the world is dull make your life a little brighter.

The Dupe

A LEADEN sea, a bitter wind,
An empty shore, a sullen sky.
Oh, who could dream that sunning crowds
Upon these very sands would lie,
And all the bay be brimmed with blue,
And children splashing in and out?
The summer is an old wives' tale,
But this bleak wind is true, says Doubt.

A DREARY sky, a weary heart,
An empty purse, a hope foregone.
Oh, who could guess the happiness
That waits a little farther on?
The skies will all be kind again,
Our hopes like primroses be out,
And we shall blush that we were duped
By that poor trembling dotard Doubt.

J. F.

❀

Birds and Flowers and Things

By the Pilgrim

I OVERTOOK him in the lane, a boy of twelve. "I see you are a naturalist," I said.

He flushed. "Oh, no," he replied, "not really; but I like birds and flowers and things."

"Then you are a naturalist. This is a bad time of the year for finding things."

"Yes; but there are always a few things to find, and it's good practice trying to name trees when they haven't any leaves."

"Yes; but how do you do it?"

"I have a book about them." He pulled out a tattered volume printed thirty years ago. "Mum bought it for me at a sale," he said. "She likes me to study trees and things."

"Oh? What about your father?"

"Oh, he says it's a waste of time. He wants me to be good at figures. He says insurance is a paying game."

So we walked and talked together, and as we parted I promised to send him a book about trees. "Goodbye, laddie," I said, "and even if you become an insurance agent keep on loving birds and flowers and things."

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The Bandit

By Our Country Girl

I LIKE going to see Cherry, but it is hard work.

She is always pretending to be something or someone else, and I have to guess quickly who it is and respond correctly or she says, "Now you've spoiled the game!"

Cherry is five, but she takes her games as seriously as any novelist takes *his* imagination.

The other day as I approached the door she meant me to "stand or deliver," and, dashing up the garden path, shouted: "Stand on your liver!" I supposed she had caught the modern craze for physical exercises.

"I can't, Cherry," I said meekly.

"I'm not Cherry!" she wailed. "Now you've spoiled the game! *I'm Dick Turpin!*"

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THE NEW IDEA FOR EUROPE

BROAD BASIS OF PEACE

First Definite Step Toward Revising the Peace Treaty

AN AIR PACT

It is hoped that, in spite of all difficulties, the new ideas agreed upon by the French and British Governments will prove to be a real basis of peace for Europe and of friendly cooperation between the great Powers.

The London Conference will probably be remembered as the real beginning of that revision of the Peace Treaty which must come if Germany is to take her place again among the nations.

For the first time since it was signed drastic alteration in the Treaty of Versailles has been proposed by the victors.

M. Flandin, the French Premier, and M. Laval, his Foreign Minister, had come to discuss with Mr MacDonald, Mr Baldwin, Sir John Simon, and Mr Anthony Eden the results of M. Laval's conference with Signor Mussolini at Rome. They came to secure the co-operation of this country in a new effort to attain lasting peace in Europe.

What the Pact Would Provide

It was felt that, if the British Government could be persuaded to associate itself in a new arrangement affecting relationships in Western Europe, it would be easier for Germany to join in.

The conference met with even greater success than was expected, for its members went on to discuss the enormous risks of sudden air attack in an international squabble; and the result of the conversations was a definite proposal for extending the Locarno provisions to a definite agreement for mutual aid in aerial warfare. The idea was that a pact should be signed by England, Belgium, France, and Germany engaging the signatories to come to the aid of any of their number attacked by one of them.

How We Should Benefit

The importance of this proposal to this country is that she would receive a measure of security under it, whereas by the original Locarno agreement this country would have to help either Germany or France if either of them suffered an unprovoked attack by the other, while neither of them is bound to come to our aid if we are attacked.

The general results of the conference may be summed up as follow. The recent success of the League in the Saar and elsewhere was recognised as improving its value for future work of conciliation and cooperation. While agreeing that Germany is not entitled under the Treaty of Versailles to increase her armaments, yet, as in 1932 Germany was promised equality of rights in a system of security, it is felt that part of the Treaty of Versailles limiting the arms and armed forces of Germany should be replaced by a new international agreement on armaments.

Germany and the League

With this new attitude on the part of France toward the Treaty Germany should once more become an active member of the League of Nations and take part in consultation for the limitation of armaments, and she should take her place in the new Air Pact.

These proposals were telegraphed to Germany in the hope that her rulers would agree to the Air Pact, which would ensure her security equally with that of the other three contracting parties; but the real value of the conference was the definite recognition by France that the Treaty of Versailles was to be abrogated so far as it limited Germany's right to bear arms like any other European State. That is to say, it is the first practical step to the equality for which Germany has been so long and persistently pleading and which she has been definitely promised by the League.

ASTONISHING NEWS ABOUT A BRICK

The little needles which point North and South in every compass are kept in their mysterious position owing to the fact that the atoms or molecules of iron lie in an orderly direction.

If a bar of steel be wound round with a coil of wire, and an electric current be passed through the wire, the magnetic force set up by the current will cause the molecules of iron to arrange themselves along the length of the bar, which at once becomes a magnet.

Such, at least, is what we are disposed to think happens.

Now comes the astonishing news that if a brick has been lying in a North and South position during its baking *it* becomes a magnet and remains so for all time. Almost all bricks, especially those made of clay containing a large proportion of iron, are more or less magnetic. Thus the house we live in is built of magnets!

Good quality red bricks contain as much as 7 per cent of iron oxide, while blue and black bricks are richer still in iron. The baking of the clay, in making the bricks, makes the molecules of iron oxide tend to get themselves into an orderly fashion, but the effect is by far the greatest when they lie in the kiln in a North-South direction.

THE PRINCE'S MARCH

At the Caledonian Schools, Bushey, the youngest piper and the pipe-major study the march Mallorca, which has been composed for the bagpipes by the Prince of Wales.

GOLD FROM THE SKIES

What is the world coming to when aeroplanes begin to drop their parcels?

The Hillman Airways liner which spilt eight gold bars while flying in a storm had no intention of scattering plenty o'er the smiling land, but the accident may be taken as an omen (good or bad) of the day to come when aeroplanes will drop everything but bombs. It is sad to see that a plane has crashed on to two cottages at Chartres.

Air liners can have few more curious tales to tell than this one of the gold (£23,000 worth) that was lost and found again. A passenger on the plane was first made aware of what had happened when he saw his suitcase slipping through a hole in the aeroplane's hold. He tried to tell the pilot, who was little disposed to listen to such a wild tale at a time when he was battling with the storm on his way from Le Bourget to London.

But truth proved stranger than fiction. The gold had actually fallen, or the greater part of it, in a field 30 miles west of Amiens. The wife of a workman saw some splintered wood that was sticking out from the snow and wondered if it could be part of the treasure chest.

The police at Amiens were told, sent a party with pickaxes, and as night fell unearthed the gold.

The poor Frenchwoman's wild surmise, wilder even than the aeroplane passenger's story, had proved a fact.

The story ends very happily, for the insurance companies decided to pay the finder 10 per cent of the value of the gold. So the Frenchwoman, who works in a mill, and her husband, who is an unemployed chairmaker, find themselves with a little fortune of about £2300.

THE CENTRAL FACT

Germany Does Not Want War

THEN WHY NOT STOP IT?

By Lord Lothian

Lord Lothian has been to Germany and talked with Herr Hitler, and this is what he writes in The Times.

The central fact in Europe today is that Germany does not want war and is prepared to renounce it absolutely as a method of settling her disputes with her neighbours, provided she is given real equality, because it is only equality which will enable her to test whether the pacific method of dealing with disputes can reasonably succeed.

That is all very well, people will reply. Two hundred pacts for the renunciation of war have been signed in the last 15 years, and nobody has any confidence that they are effective as security against war. Why should we place any more confidence in a new pact unless everybody is armed to the teeth and prepared to enforce it?

What Herr Hitler Has Said

I think there are two reasons. There is first of all the emphatic declaration of Herr Hitler himself—the undisputed leader of Germany today. He has said explicitly to me, as he has also said publicly, that what Germany wants is equality, not war; that she is prepared absolutely to renounce war; that he has signed a treaty with Poland removing by far the most dangerous and bitter element of the Treaty of Versailles (the Corridor) from the region of war for 10 years; that he finally and for ever accepts the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine in France; and, finally and most vital, that he will pledge Germany not to interfere in his beloved Austria by force, provided all its neighbours will do the same.

He goes farther and says that he will sign pacts of non-aggression with all Germany's neighbours, to prove the sincerity of his desire for peace, and that in armaments he asks for no more than equality for Germany, and will accept international inspection if everybody else accepts it too.

National Socialism is harsh, brutal, and ruthless. It has none of the Christian quality of mercy which power should show to its opponents when they are defenceless and weak. But it has been strong enough to give Germany unity where it was terribly divided, to produce a stable Government in place of weak and unstable Governments, and to restore to Germany national self-respect and international standing.

The Only Solution

It is certain to become even more hard and more military if Germany is isolated and surrounded by suspicious enemies leagued against her. But if she is given her rightful position by her neighbours, if the conviction grows in Germany that peace is certain for 10 years, that her rights are secure, but that her neighbours are prepared to resist force by force, democratic and liberal ideas may well begin to assert themselves. Who can tell?

Let us try to stabilise Europe for 10 years and let us try to solve its many disputed questions by pacific methods on the basis of equality and security during that time. Toward the end of that time we can consider what new guarantees for security may be required. If we can do this I venture to think that we shall soon see Germany back in the League. The only final solution of these problems is the League method.

Mrs W. Moore, a blind woman of Kelvedon in Essex, has addressed a meeting at Witham on My Garden.

A fire which broke out in a Doncaster house melted a waterpipe, and the fire was automatically put out!

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AFRICAN GREATHEARTS

A WONDERFUL RECORD ON THE GOLD COAST

How the Fantis Spread the Gospel Among Their Enemies

A BOOK OF HEROES

Gold Coast Methodism. By Arthur E. Southron. Cargate Press. 1s.

If the world were not so full of books many stories of our missionary pioneers would be as famous as the Odyssey.

The fine deeds of these men and women are, for the most part, hidden away in modest paper-covered volumes such as this little history of the first hundred years of Gold Coast Methodism, written specially for the centenary year. It is a book of heroes.

On New Year's Day 1835 Joseph Dunwell, the first Methodist missionary sent to the Gold Coast, was enthusiastically welcomed by some young Africans who had started a Bible class among themselves. They had asked the skipper of a Bristol ship to buy them some Bibles the next time he was in England. To their delight, he not only brought the Bibles but paid the expenses of a missionary to come and teach them.

Europeans and Africans

Dunwell was a wonderful organiser and accomplished much. But he worked too hard, and in those days nobody understood the mosquito peril. Within six months he was dead.

How the mission was ever carried on is a miracle. Of the first 32 missionaries sent out 15 died before they had been eight months in the country. Fortunately some men were found who could stand the climate. Thomas Freeman gave more than 50 years of service. Though he was born in England it is believed that his father was a freed slave. He became known as the Grand Old Man of the Gold Coast.

Much of the success of the mission depended on cooperation between Europeans and Africans. If it had not been for the help given by the Fanti tribe there would not now be hundreds of churches and schools and a Methodist community of over 100,000. The Fantis even spread Christianity among the Ashantis, their hereditary enemies

Once they paid all expenses and built themselves a church. In later days they subscribed £15,000 toward the cost of a training college at Kumasi.

Wealth From Cocoa

African Greathearts is the name the author gives them. "In less than one generation," he writes, "the Gold Coast had produced many Christians who were the equals in spiritual understanding and moral virtues of any Christians in Europe."

For years the missionaries were hindered by the difficulties and heavy expense of travelling. It was Freeman's belief that he could stop slavery if he could find another way of bringing wealth to the slave-raiders. He introduced agriculture and encouraged the cultivation of the cocoa plant. Soon the Gold Coast was supplying half the world's imports of cocoa. Roads had to be made for its transport and forests were cut down; and at once Methodism, now that communications were easier, went ahead by leaps and bounds.

Everywhere the Methodists went they spread education, and so changed the attitude of the people to slavery.

MORE SPEED AND LESS NOISE

The L.N.E.R. are fitting many of their night freight trains with the automatic brake.

The trucks will now run in close formation, tightly coupled to each other, thus avoiding the clatter caused by the space formerly left between each truck. They will thereby run with greater speed and less noise than ever.

THE STORY OF SOME USELESS THINGS

Work Waiting For Idle Hands

THE DERELICT 30 ACRES

This is the story of some apparently useless things, a piece of derelict ground, the clay dug out from a tube railway, and the dustbin refuse from the homes of about 21,000 people.

By means of imagination and enterprise these are being moulded into a magnificent recreation ground which will bring happiness to thousands.

Some years ago there was a derelict tract of over 30 acres at Friern Barnet. The waste land was low lying, very uneven, and apparently useless.

Then the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers took it in hand. Someone had the brilliant idea of telling the local dustmen to tip their dustcarts on to the waste ground to fill up the hollows. Since 1924 about 5000 tons of refuse have been tipped on to the site every year.

Already a children's playground, which is to be equipped with swings, sandpits, and so on, has been made. In time to come a boating pond may be added.

A Splendid Recreation Ground

Two terrace gardens have been made with about 30,000 cubic yards of clay dug out when the tube railway was extended from Finsbury Park to Cockfosters. Some hockey pitches, finished some time ago, are now being let to schools and clubs at £60 a year. There is even a nine-hole golf course, which brings in about £140 a year.

Sweepings from the borough of Hampstead have been used to cover over the dustbin refuse and ten tennis courts have been constructed. A fine cricket pitch surrounded by a quarter-of-a-mile running track, made of clinkers, has also been made from the contents of dustcarts. These are now being tipped on to a future football pitch.

By 1938 this splendid recreation ground should be finished. It will have a central pavilion with refreshment and dressing-rooms and spaces for car-parking.

We hope this remarkable scheme will be copied in many other derelict spaces in our little island.

TROUBLES IN IRELAND

Why the Rates Are Not Paid

The rates are not being paid in Ireland and there is a prospect of serious default.

It is estimated that the total rates due to the county councils amount to £3,303,000, but during the first half of last year only £128,000 had been collected.

It has now been revealed that by the end of the year only a third of the total had reached the coffers of the county councils, with the result that these authorities have had to incur heavy overdrafts on their banks, entailing loss through the interest they have to pay on them. As an example of the serious position at the end of last year Limerick County Council had only collected £1600 out of £85,000 required by the end of March, while Galway County Council had only collected £41 toward the £80,000 involved in its annual rate for drainage purposes.

There are two causes for this failure on the part of the ratepayers—a deliberate refusal to pay rates and a real inability to raise the money. And this is not all, for the county councils are handicapped by regulations; the Government will not make its grants to the county councils unless they first pay to the Government certain payments which they receive from the rates. The county councils usually receive £2,000,000 from Government grants, so that their position is very serious, and it seems that local government throughout the Irish Free State must cease to function unless drastic remedies are forthcoming.

SIMPLIFY THE HOUSE

Why Not Standardise Its Works?

INTERESTING SUGGESTION

A house, like a watch, has its works. To take the common case of a small household, they consist of a kitchen equipment, a bath, and offices, the fitting-up of which amounts to an expensive part of the building, calling for plumbing, gas, and electrical fitting.

It is suggested that the whole of this work should be treated as a unit, mass-produced in a factory, and brought to the building site ready to connect to the mains. It is said the works could be constructed complete in a space measuring 12 feet by 8 by 6, so that a lorry could transport the unit to the site.

The idea is to erect the unit and build the house around it. It would be necessary, of course, for the house plan to fit the unit, and it would be for the architect to design accordingly. It is certainly worth consideration; more and more we need to standardise and simplify these things.

AS IN AMERICA

One Set of Schools For All?

The middle classes are increasingly sending their children to the elementary schools.

It is more and more recognised that the elementary school offers a sound education, and that it is a path to the secondary school.

Then there are many people who run a motor-car on economies made in other directions, the school being one of them. They argue that they are taxed to provide free education, and that they may as well get value for their enforced payment.

Certain it is that nowadays we may see cars calling for children at schools. Perhaps it is a pity, for children should be encouraged to use their legs; riding in cars is not good for their health.

Some day, no doubt, we shall have a national system of education for all, as in America. Why not?

16,000 PARTS OF A CAR

A Free Book About Them

How many parts has a car?

If it were taken to pieces a modern car would be found to consist of about 16,000.

Of course these are not all active in that they contribute to the actual propulsion of the car, but there are many hundreds of active parts which seldom see the light of day.

A fascinating book published by Shell-Mex and B.P. shows in a very ingenious way what the inside of a car and its engine are like. It names and shows where to look for several hundreds of these parts. Readers who are interested may obtain a copy of this book free on application to Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited, Shell-Mex House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2. Please mention the C.N.

A PRESENT FOR THE DEAN

The other day the dean of one of our older cathedrals conducted a party of distinguished men over his building.

One of the visitors was a keen business man more interested in statistics than ecclesiastical architecture.

He listened attentively to the remarks concerning a new window then to be placed in the cathedral. Genuine mediæval glass was wanted for this window, he was told.

Shortly afterwards a large crate arrived for the dean inside which he found a note from the visitor asking him to accept the tinted glass of a conservatory he had just pulled down!

It *is* a kind old world, but we fear the dean could only smile and be thankful.

NEWS FROM THE PYRAMIDS

Royal Personages of a Distant Past

ANCIENT HISTORY MADE NEW

A new queen lives a second life in Egypt.

She is Rekhetra, a king's daughter and "the great beloved and king's wife," who lived and died more than 5000 years ago. This princess of a royal house who became doubly royal was the daughter of Khephren, who reigned 56 years in the Fourth Dynasty.

Little is left of all her royal state except her name, for robbers long ago penetrated the tomb which has now been revealed near the Pyramids and stole its treasure. They left as worthless the bones of the queen and a few alabaster vases by the side of the limestone sarcophagus.

There are other tombs yielding greater treasure in statuettes and carving, and in historical information still more valuable about these royal personages of a distant past. In them lay Khephren's commander-in-chief and the admiral of his fleet in a day when ships were just beginning to have sails. On the tomb of Kaemnepheret, who was the the queen's chaplain, are the king's seal and a drawing of his daughter smelling a lotus flower while the priest presents incense.

Life-Size Statues

The tomb of another of the queen's priests, Kaherestef, contains life-size statues of himself and his wife, all smiles, as well as a smaller one in black granite which is a little work of art. The tomb is remarkable for a slanting niche in its roof through which at dawn the sun might strike, thus illuminating the Egyptian darkness and perhaps symbolising the light of another world.

All this is old history made new, but the excavations carried on by the Egyptian University, which has revealed it, laid bare other work of the builders of that day. They have disclosed a royal causeway of four parallel streets leading down from Khephren's pyramid to its temple near the Sphinx. It must have been covered, and there are remains of two brick walls which were clearly erected to protect the Sphinx from drifting sand, as has been done recently at a lower level.

These walls were the work of Thothmes, a Pharaoh who left an inscription between the front paws of the Sphinx to say that in obedience to a dream about the Sphinx he had cleared it from the sand which had submerged it.

EVERYONE A SQUARE

Do You Knit Your Bit?

A warm blanket is a great blessing these cold nights, and many of our readers must have felt sorry for those who have none. The girls of Braemar High School at Tooting Bec are doing something about it.

They have no money to buy blankets and quilts, so they make them, as a group of women made the Precious Quilt we told of not long ago. Girls of every form in the school knit strips or squares from odd pieces of wool, and all the bits are sewn together to make a warm and gaily-coloured patchwork blanket. This means at least two blankets a year for a Mission in a poor part of London.

Many a small child who has sought for something simple but more interesting than an ironholder to knit has contributed to these fine blankets, and so have the older girls who have not time for large pieces of work.

And it is not only the girls who do their bit. A boy who learned this way of helping when he was in the preparatory department is grown-up now and at a grammar school, but he still sends along one or two squares each year.

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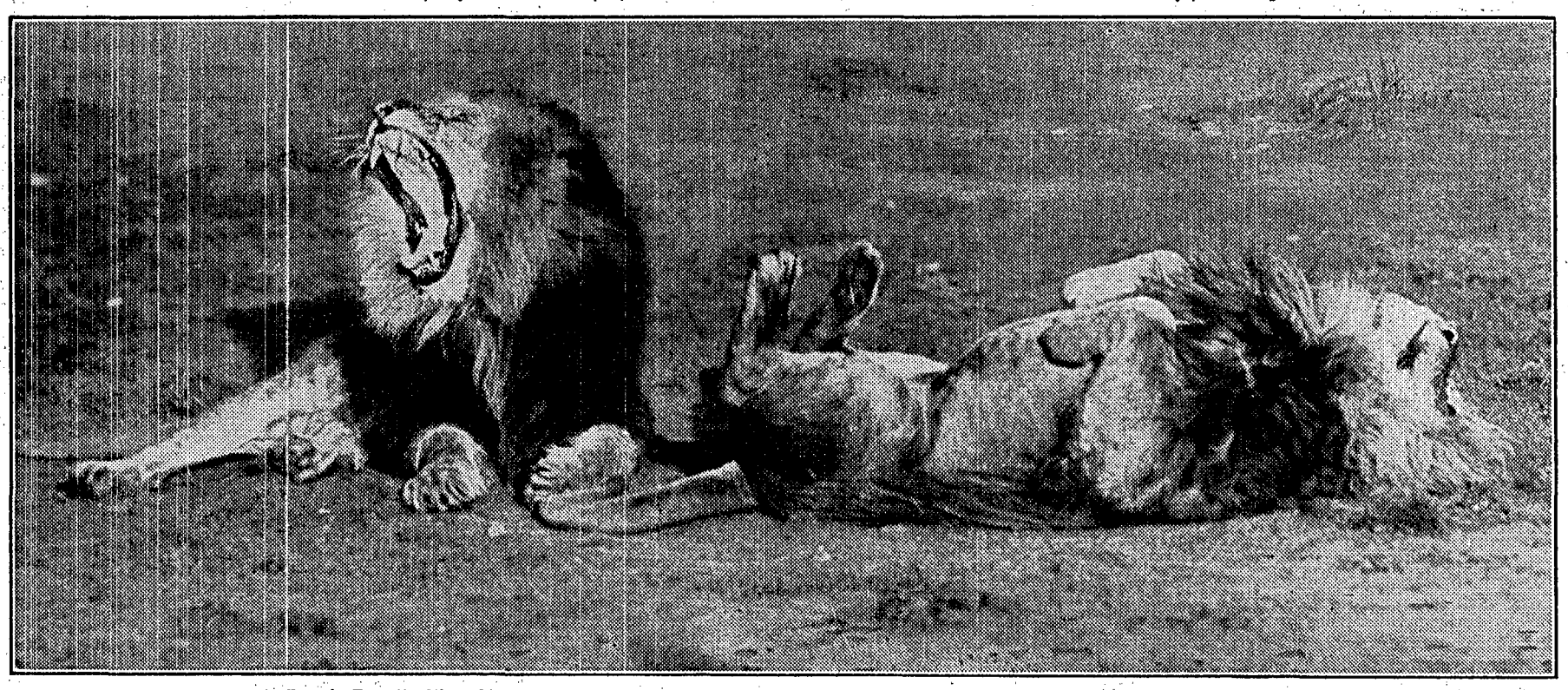
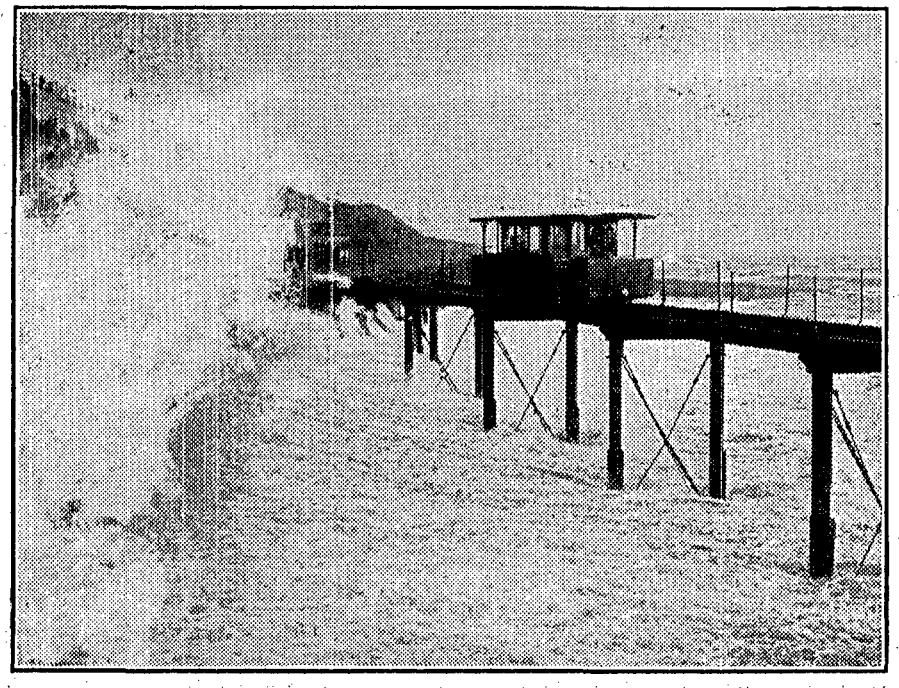
WHALE'S TOOTH FOR B-P · BORED LIONS · WATCHING THE EARTH MOVE

The Homecoming—The lifeboat at Southend-on-Sea has been away for repairs, and when it returned it used for the first time a new slipway that had been prepared for it.

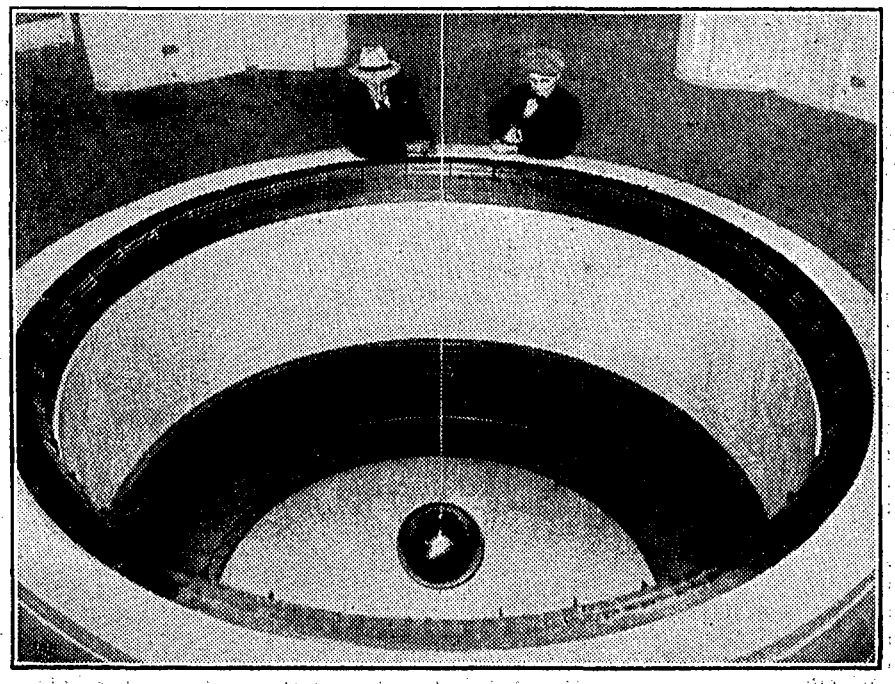
A Whale's Tooth For B-P—Fijians at the World Scout Jamboree held in Melbourne showed their esteem for Lord Baden-Powell by presenting him with a whale's tooth.



Bored—Even the King of Beasts can forget his dignity, as we see by this amusing picture from the lion's den at Whipsnade.



A Winter Gale—Wild weather in the Channel brings great breakers crashing on to the beach at Brighton, washing under the electric railway along the front.



Our Moving World—This Foucault pendulum, which demonstrates the rotation of the Earth, is in the new observatory presented to the city of Los Angeles in California.

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THE CHAINED CHILD SLAVES OF OLD ENGLAND

Looking backward again at the bad old days let us see what happened when slavery was in force, not only in the plantations oversea, but in our factories and mines at home, where even little children were the victims.

The brutality of the eighteenth century is unbelievable. One house in four in London was a gin-shop, and a favourite amusement of young men about town was to bind a woman in a barrel and roll her down Ludgate Hill. Prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and the bull-ring were everywhere, and executions were popular spectacles. In 1797, at Paisley, a civic feast was given after an execution, the hangman being entertained by the municipality. The colonies were places to send criminals to; even Lord Beaconsfield, long afterwards, said they were millstones round our neck.

Those who dared to write against kings in those days had their books burned by the hangman, and were put in the pillory with their ears nailed; when they were set free the ears were often left behind. Milton's books were burned; Defoe was put in the pillory.

A Terrible Document

But perhaps it is the traffic in human beings that is the great blot on John Wesley's England. It is strange and terrible to reflect that while Wesley and Whitefield were riding through England, preaching to the people the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, British ships were carrying millions of people from their homes in Africa, chaining them between low decks with no room to raise their heads, and landing them as slaves in the New World.

The spirit of the knight of Queen Elizabeth who chose a manacled Negro for his crest lived on in England, and nobody seems to have thought it a hideous thing. Queen Anne had come to the throne when England drew up what we must describe as one of the most terrible documents in human annals, giving to England, as the prize of a successful war, the monopoly of the slave trade for thirty years. For a few shillings per head our ships carried slaves in thousands to the Spanish colonies in America, and in the eighteenth century more than three million African Negroes were sold into slavery. So deliberate was the policy by which one race sold another race for gold that Parliament threw the slave trade open to all, and refused to tax it even to maintain the ports which defended it. Great English families owned slaves, and thought it right; it was largely owing to the profits of the slave-carrying trade that Mr Gladstone was born in a prosperous family.

Horrors of the Slave Trade

John Wesley must have seen again and again, in shop windows, handcuffs and iron collars sold for slaves; chains of slavery were bought and sold as openly and freely as watchchains are sold now. Between the birth of Shakespeare and the death of Wesley about six million slaves were shipped from Africa to America, and in the eighteenth century alone 250,000 were thrown into the sea, either alive or dead, from British ships. An English society for propagating the Gospel owned slaves in the West Indies, and so little did it occur to them that slaves were human beings that this Gospel Society never dreamed of giving them any sort of teaching. When Wilberforce was able to raise his protest against this trade it took him twenty years to win for these poor slaves the rights of human beings.

One more peep let us take at John Wesley's world before we leave it. We have seen what it did with black men: how did it treat our own countrymen, the toilers of these islands?

It treated them, as they were treated for four hundred years and more, subject to laws which made every labourer a slave. Men who listened to John Wesley in the villages of England were let out by the parish to their masters. A farmer would turn off his men, who would be driven to the workhouse and then go back to the farmer at pauper wages. No man dare save a penny; thrift was the sure way to beggary and despair. The man who had a little money saved was a danger to his master, for he could ask for wages enough to keep his family alive, and so the thrifty man was turned away till he had spent his savings, when the master knew he would come back again, *let out on hire from the workhouse at cheap rates*.

From Bannockburn to Waterloo something like this was the lot of the English working-man.

We talk proudly of how we beat Napoleon long ago, but how many of us know how our British Army really beat Napoleon? A proud story it is as we read it in the history books; as it will read in the Book of Judgment there is nothing more terrible in human story.

Those who have read Thomas Hardy's great poem on The Dynasts will remember the fear of the English mothers that the Corsican Conqueror ate human beings. If not actually it is morally true that Napoleon consumed the lives of countless little children in these islands.

It is astonishing to read of the amazing effort of the people of those days who poured out their money for freedom in a way that surprises us. But the time came when the burden was too grievous to be borne, and at last the employers complained that the high wages for men and women made it impossible to pay the heavy taxes.

Then it was, an old writer said, as if there fell upon the manufacturers the terrible words, *Take the children*. They seemed to fall upon England like the voice of doom, and the masters listened to them. They took the children. They crammed the factories with machines so close that there was just room for the little bodies to slip in and out of the belts and wheels and spinning shafts. They took them at nine, they took them at six, they took them at four; and they kept them in the factories thirteen hours a day. They kept overseers to whip them if, after ten hours of work, their little bodies became drowsy or slow; they kept blacksmiths to rivet and chain them if they tried to run away. They made them clean the machinery while they ate porridge mixed with water; they made them walk as much as thirty miles a day about their work; they killed and maimed them in thousands; in some factories one child in four was crippled or injured, and few of the younger children lived more than three or four years after entering the mills.

Down the mines, too, these little children went. They stood fifteen hours without a rest in the cold, dark mine, opening and shutting trapdoors, or harnessed to heavy trucks, or standing in black slime from five in the morning till six at night pumping water at the bottom of the shaft. In these mines, often overrun with vermin, these children of England would spend the few years of their unhappy lives. They were cheaper than horses; if a horse should die another must be bought, but if children should die there were more than enough to take their places in the iron chains and leather bands with which they dragged through the darkness the coal which was making England great.

Evils of the Old Factory System

We are not reading pages from a novel, or from a history of China, or some barbarian State: we are reading of the life of an ordinary child in the England some of our fathers remember. When the invention of machinery changed the face of industry, bringing homework to an end and setting up the factory system in its place, slave-dealers, under a prettier name, went up and down this land and arranged with the Guardians to let them have the workhouse children for the factories. The Guardians were only too glad to get rid of them, and some bargained that with every twenty children the contractors should include one lunatic. When the contractor had collected the children he would ship them in barges to the cotton towns, where they were kept in cellars till the millowners picked out the strongest. If a contractor went bankrupt the children were put up for sale as his property.

Nobody troubled about all these things, except a few whose consciences were touched at last. It is one of the incredible things of history that our great men, our heroes, seem to have been unmoved by things that make men shudder now. Michael Angelo was carving his statues, Raphael was painting his pictures, while Savonarola was burned alive. Shakespeare was writing The Merchant of Venice while the King of England was inflicting torture not less cruel than Shylock's. Cromwell slaughtered innocent people without mercy.

Southey Moved To Shame

Milton wrote in burning words of the Piedmontese "whose bones lay scattered in the Alpine mountains cold," but wrote no word for women burned as witches at his door. And it is odd to think that Daniel Defoe, who has given the children of the world such happy hours with Robinson Crusoe, boasted of the happy state of things in which even little girls of four or five could earn their own living.

Only the poet Robert Southey seems to have been moved to shame; he wrote, to his eternal honour, that the slave trade was mercy compared with the child trade in the factories.

continued next week

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK

Young of the grain weevil appear. This example is much magnified

The little fire-crested wren is an occasional winter visitor from Central and Southern Europe. Its crest feathers are orange gold

The larva of the alder fly is active in its home in muddy ponds

About this time the toad comes out from its winter hiding-place, which may be in a hole beneath a stone

The spring usher moth and its almost wingless mate are to be seen already in some parts of Southern England

High up on the poplars at the end of the twigs the catkins are beginning to lengthen

The adder is seen in the open. It is also known as the viper and is the only venomous snake to be found in England

One most welcome sign of returning spring is the appearance of daffodils in bloom

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100,000 MILES OF FREE RAIL TRAVEL

A Novel Mapping Test

COLLECTION OF POSTER STAMPS FOR C.N. READERS

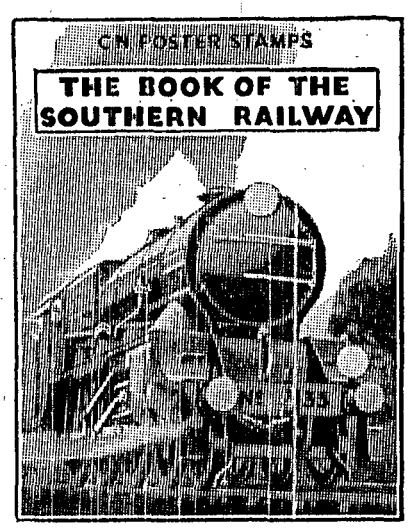
One of the brightest features of our railway stations is in their posters.

Quite the best are the posters showing in full colour many places served by rail. Some are so attractive that the wish to own copies is often expressed.

The C.N. is happy to announce that arrangements have been made for all readers to possess a picture-gallery of forty of the best posters issued by the Southern Railway.

Of course full-size posters could not be given, but perfect miniature reproductions have been made. These have been printed in full colours and each is a little gem of art.

These poster stamps are to be given with the C.N. during the next few weeks, and with next week's issue there will



also be given a splendid album in which the stamps may be kept. A small reproduction of the coloured cover is given here.

Notes about the places shown on the stamps appear in the album. Thus the album will be of great interest for many weeks, as readers are able to watch their collections grow.

Then in the album will be found a special supplement giving details of a novel Mapping Test in which are offered hundreds of prizes, consisting of *100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel.* Clever boys and girls will thus be able to visit free of all cost places served by British railways, and they may take friends with them.

To make sure of your copy of next week's C.N. order it now. Four Poster Stamps and the Album will be given with each copy, and fuller details of the Mapping Test and the Free Rail Travel will be found in the album.

FRIENDS AND THE KING

Claiming an Ancient Right

The Society of Friends is claiming its right of direct access to the King.

The society wishes to express its earnest hope that the celebrations of his Majesty's Silver Jubilee may not be military and naval in character.

The demand of the world for peace is more urgent than it has ever been, and the society would press for recognition of the abundant progress which has been made in other directions, especially toward international peace.

It was Charles the Second who granted the right of direct access to the King to the Society of Friends, in recognition of help given by a member of the society, Richard Carver, the mate of the fishing-boat which carried Charles to France after the Battle of Worcester.

An exhibition of cradles has been opened at Geneva.

South Mymms in Middlesex is to be spelled as here, with a y.

HISTORIAN, ARTIST, AND TINMEN

Remembered on the Cliffs of Cornwall

A historian, a painter, and emigrant tin miners are to be remembered in the latest acquisition by the National Trust. The Cornish cliffs of St Agnes are to be preserved as open spaces for all time.

Last year an appeal was made for £10,000 to save this area from the builder, and Cornishmen, under the leadership of Lord Clifden, answered the appeal with open purses.

This historian whose name is associated with these open spaces is Thomas Tonkin, who was born at Trevaunance, near St Agnes, in 1678. After studying law at Lincoln's Inn he settled on his family estate in Cornwall, where he devoted his life to the history of Cornish places and Cornish families. He became an expert in the Welsh and Cornish languages, and left manuscripts which were of great value.

The painter is John Opie, a native of the village of St Agnes, where his father was a carpenter. John Opie declined to follow his father's trade, and his early efforts in portrait painting attracted the attention of Dr Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, who took him to London. He died in 1807 and was buried near Reynolds in St Paul's.

The tin miners are those Cornishmen who had to seek a livelihood overseas or in more prosperous districts of our island owing to the failure of local mines to provide them with a livelihood which their forefathers had enjoyed back to the times when the Phoenicians came trading with ancient Albion.

TWO HEROES OF THE SHETLANDS

Fierce raged the tempest over the deep—in fact, a storm was blowing at 80 miles an hour—when a night watcher off the west coast of Shetland saw signals flashing from the lonely isle of Papa Stour.

A man had been injured. A doctor and nurse prepared to go to his help, but no ordinary boat could venture out, so they put out in the lifeboat from Aith, and crossed ten miles of raging sea in a blizzard. This is considered the worst piece of water in the Shetlands, but they reached the island safely and gave the man surgical treatment. As it was too rough to return in the dark they spent the night on the island, and the next day they took the man in the lifeboat to the mainland.

A SUIT FOR THE PRINCE

When the Prince of Wales went to the Austrian exhibition held last year in London he made up his mind to pay a visit to Austria.

He would have gone in the summer if it had not been for the unrest in Austria, and the committee of the exhibition ordered him a surprise present of two Tyrolese hunting suits to be made by a tailor in Vienna.

As the gift was to be kept a secret there was a problem for the tailor. How was he to obtain the Prince's measurements ? He sent a friend to London to find out privately, but without success.

Then a bright idea came to him. He went to Madame Tussaud's and asked permission to measure the waxwork of the Prince.

DRINK PERIL ON THE ROADS

In consequence of many representations that have been made to him the Minister of Transport is asking the British Medical Association if it can usefully make any report to him on the place of alcohol in road accidents.

It has been increasingly noticeable of late that drink plays a great part in the number of road accidents, and it is urged more and more upon motorists that when driving

No Beer is Best

SELFRIDGES AND THE SAFEWAY

A Week of Good Teaching

SAFETY EXHIBITION

The Car takes the Highway
The Walker takes the Pathway
We cross by the Safeway

Once more Selfridges have rendered the public a great service; they have had a Safety Week Exhibition.

Mr Hore-Belisha must have wondered if he were dreaming when he opened it, for wherever he looked there were beacons of all shapes and sizes. Some had reflectors to catch the beam from an oncoming car, so that the driver is warned beforehand of a pedestrian crossing. Others had protective wire cages or had the yellow balls screwed on so cleverly that they were labelled Thief-Proof. There was a beacon which served two purposes at night, for, as well as being illuminated, it could light a broad white path across the safety zone.

Transparent tiles enclosing lights to set in the kerb of the pavement made another device to draw the motorist's attention to crossings, and there were studs specially designed to catch the eye of the unwary driver.

There were some excellent models of six-way road junctions with bridges approached by gradual ascents, and a model of the kind of road Mr Hore-Belisha would like to see all over the country, with divisions into areas for motorists, cyclists, and pedestrians, was on view in the roof garden.

A GREAT MUSICAL DISCOVERY

Melodies Round Ancient Camp Fires ?

Melodies which were played among the hills of Wales over 1000 years ago are now being played on harp and crwth.

It may be indeed that these are the melodies played round the camp fires of the ancient Britons before Caesar and his legions landed on our shores.

This haunting music has been preserved in an ancient manuscript, and Mr Arnold Dolmetsch, who has devoted himself for over half a century to the revival of old-time music, playing it on old-time instruments of his own making, has been describing them.

He says that the recent discovery of the manuscript, which contains some 90 pages of this music, is the greatest musical discovery ever made. In spite of the national Eisteddfods in Wales there is not a great difference today between the music of that little land and that of any English province, but this precious Welsh manuscript proves that Wales centuries ago had an incomparable music of her own. But for the discovery of this manuscript, he added, this art would have been lost for ever.

ANOTHER GOOD THING FROM GERMANY

Germany's broadcasting authorities are to adopt the policy of the Open Door for music.

Musical composers will no longer have to complain that their genius has to wither unknown and unheard. From this time onward a late hour on every Thursday will be reserved for national broadcasts from all German stations of the works of unknown German composers of today.

Once a week the unknown composer will have a chance of reaching the great heart of the people.

We hope that no discordant note will be struck by the discovery that the unknown composer, like Heinrich Heine, author unknown, is a Jew.

"'Ovaltine' for me!"

ALL children prefer 'Ovaltine' because it is so delicious. But 'Ovaltine' is more than a delightful beverage. It provides *all* the nutritive elements required to build up health, strength and abundant energy.

Scientifically prepared from the highest, qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

P.94a.

To ALL BOYS & GIRLS

Join the League of Ovaltineys

Great fun and amusement await every boy and girl who joins the League of Ovaltineys. Thousands of children have joined and are having jolly times with the secret signs, signals, and code. To become a member, all you have to do is to fill in and send the form below. (Open envelope—½d. stamp)

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**
184 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Handbook of the League.

Name.....

.....*Age*.....

Address.....

.....

.....

(Write in **BLOCK LETTERS**)
Children's Newspaper, Feb. 16.

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The Game of the CENTURY

The World's biggest Jig-Saw and the World's Greatest Travel Game

MAPPA-MUNDI

Thrilling! Exciting! Enthralling! Instructive! All these, and much more, is Mappa-Mundi, the game that takes you round the world, carries you to lands of romance and mysticism and shows you how to find at a glance every place of importance in the globe. Try your hand at making up the Mappa-Mundi Map of the World: it's not so easy as it looks—and yet it's not so very difficult.

The joyous part of the game is to place the capital cities in their correct positions. Do you know where Tokyo is? Can you place Kovno satisfactorily? Just where about does Canberra dwell? There's one thing about it—once you have found the correct positions of the world's capitals you'll know them in future.

This is no mere Jig-Saw. Mappa-Mundi is a game that grips, fascinates and educates. For teaching geography it is invaluable; it is also one of the jolliest games that you have ever come across.

But what a lot it teaches! Mappa-Mundi is grand fun—and grand instruction.

An Education in Itself.

500 SQUARE INCHES OF JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO BE MADE INTO A MAP OF THE WORLD

Made by John Waddington Ltd., Makers of the World's Finest Playing Cards.

On Sale at all Stationers, Toy Shops and Booksellers

Buy this Brilliant and Unique New Game TODAY!

BIRD FRIENDS OF THE FARMER

BROADCAST TALKS NEXT WEEK

The People of the Pacific and the Salmon of Alaska

LIFE IN ROMAN BRITAIN

Talks on many interesting subjects are to be broadcast to schools on the National Transmitter of the B.B.C. next week. Here are notes on some of them.

Monday

2.5. During the last few weeks we have been hearing about seeds and seedlings. This week Dr Keen will talk of the part the leaves play in the life of a plant.

2.30. Today's interlude in the World History series deals with two episodes in the life of Mohammed—first his flight from Mecca to Medina in 622 and then his death ten years later.

Tuesday

11.30. Dr Raymond Firth is to talk about the Polynesians of Tikopia, people who live among the extinct volcanoes and the coral reefs of the Pacific. Their clothing is made of bark cloth and their houses of sago thatch. They grate coconut for pudding and cook it with hot stones. At night they go out in their outrigger canoes and net flying-fish by torchlight.

2.5. How Birds Help the Farmer is the subject of a talk by Mr Richard Morse. Not many men care to work for 16 hours a day, but birds do that willingly, collecting and destroying insects, grubs, and other creatures in countless numbers. Even after dark the owls and nightjars come from their hiding-places and destroy the enemies of the crops while the farmer himself is asleep.

Wednesday

2.5. In today's English History broadcast about Prince Charles Edward Stuart we shall meet some of the Jacobites and hear what they thought of the Young Pretender.

2.30. In the Fun of Writing series Mr S. P. B. Mais will talk about the fun of writing about places.

Thursday

11.30. All over England are to be found traces of the Roman occupation. Mr G. M. Boumphrey will describe the great wall that Hadrian built across the North of England to keep out the invading Picts. He will also talk about the kind of life the people led in the time of the Romans, and contrast the peaceful settlements in the South with the military camps of the North.

2.5. Commander King-Hall will tell us about the law, who makes it, and the various ways in which it is made.

2.30. Professor Mackinnon will give the first of her talks on the way animals live together. Some birds and animals live in companies, others live alone, and we shall learn about their habits and behaviour.

Friday

2.5. The catching and tinning of salmon on a large scale in Alaska will be described by Mr Clifford Collinson. He will describe, too, the lovely Alaskan coastline, backed by great mountains and fringed with islands, and the original inhabitants, the Alaskan Indians. Mr Collinson will tell how he went fishing one day (with his friend George, of course).

WAVELENGTH CHANGES

From next Sunday, February 17, the following B.B.C. wavelength changes will be made:

	FROM	TO
North National ..	296·2 metres	261·1
Midland	391·1 metres	296·2
Scottish	373·1 metres	391·1
West	307·1 metres	373·1
Belfast	267·4 metres	307·1
Newcastle	209·9 metres	267·4

THE UNKNOWN WISE MAN

A PAGE FROM A BOOK BEFORE THE BIBLE

Thinking of War Twenty-One Centuries Ago

THE SORROW OF VICTORY

When this country of ours was a wild and barbarous land China was rich in wise men and poets.

Many of the things said today by writers on peace and war were said in China long before Christianity began. Some of these are found in a volume of poems, translated by Mr Arthur Waley, who has made for us before now excellent translations of other Chinese poems. The volume we have in mind is called The Way and Its Power, and in its short chapters are contained the wisdom of some unknown Chinese poet whose work comes from 240 B.C. But he goes back for his wisdom to earlier thinkers, so that when we read his words we are back in the very old China indeed.

The Thing That Matters

He does not love war, and, as for warriors, he thinks that the victor, when he has won his victory, should disappear. There was a Sage in the 5th century B.C. named Fan Li who was offered half the kingdom if he would return in triumph with the victorious armies, but he "stepped into a light boat, and was heard of no more." The Sage "achieves his aim, but does not call attention to what he does"; and for that reason, because he does not call attention to himself, the people are more likely to give him his due. But sometimes they do not.

When his task is accomplished, his work done,
Throughout the country everyone says,
It happened of its own accord.

But in that case the Sage sees the thing done, even if he gets no credit for it; and it is the thing done, and not the prize, that matters.

The Wise General

Sometimes we think the Chinese had the truth on their side. The man who has served his country and goes back to his home and lives quietly is a wiser man than he who will not leave the old scenes and wants credit for himself.

The unknown Chinese writes in one of these chapters:

Where armies are, thorns and brambles grow,
The raising of a great host
Is followed by a year of dearth.
Therefore a good general effects his purpose and then stops;
He does not take farther advantage of his victory:
Fulfils his purpose, but only as a step that could not be avoided.
Fulfils his purpose, but without violence;
For what has a time of vigour has a time of decay.

In another poem we read how the true conqueror does not regard weapons as lovely things, "For to think them lovely means to delight in them, and to delight in them means to delight in the slaughter of men; and he who delights in the slaughter of men will never get what he looks for out of those that dwell under heaven. The slaying of multitudes is a matter for grief and tears; he that has conquered in battle is received with rites of mourning."

Victory and Defeat

It is a remarkable thing that in old China it was not only a defeat which caused sadness, but a victory also; they remembered in that ancient world what a victory means in sorrow and death, and death did not seem to them less sorrowful because it fell upon their enemies.

The Chinese have ancient records of which they are rightly proud; in these days they are passing through a time of trial, but they have a great future before them, and other Sages will arise.

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THE LION

DOUBLE SUNS OF LEO

Meteors That May Be Seen This Week and Next

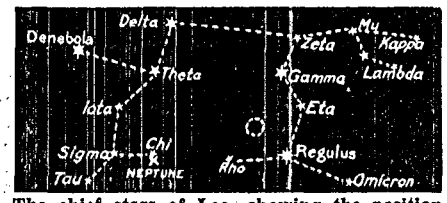
WHERE TO FIND NEPTUNE

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Leo, the Lion, is now high in the south-east sky of an evening, its chief stars forming a striking geometrical figure roughly suggesting the shape of an animal, as can be seen from the star-map.

The numerous stars of Leo may thus be readily identified and observers enabled to locate precisely the position of Neptune, which may be seen with a small astronomical telescope or even powerful field-glasses. Neptune, however, will be dealt with in detail a fortnight hence, when he is at his nearest to us.

Of more interest this week and next will be the possibility of seeing a few meteors radiate from near the bright star Regulus, the position being shown by the broken circle in the star-map.



The chief stars of Leo, showing the position of Neptune

These meteors are known as the Alpha Leonids, after the star Alpha Leonis, or Regulus as it is popularly known.

Regulus is an immense sun radiating about 70 times more light and heat than our Sun; it has a surface temperature of about 12,500 degrees Centigrade. Its light takes 56 years to reach us, so Regulus is about 3,544,000 times farther than our Sun.

The bright star Gamma in Leo, or Gamma Leonis as astronomers say, is also known as Algieba. It is composed of two suns just perceptible in a telescope with a 3-inch lens. The larger sun of 2·6 magnitude is of a golden hue, while the smaller one of 3·8 magnitude is of greenish tint. These are corresponding colours frequently found in double stars, the larger one always being either golden yellow or reddish in tint, this being due to the fact that the larger sun has not advanced so far along the course of stellar evolution as its smaller and usually hotter companion. For suns, curiously enough, grow smaller and hotter with age, up to a certain point; passing through red and then yellow to white and often to a greenish, bluish, or mauve tint of white which represents the hottest period of the sun's existence, after which it declines through the dwarf stages of yellowish white, orange, and red to darkness and oblivion. Though these two suns of Gamma appear to be only about four seconds of arc apart their distance is much greater than Neptune is from our Sun, while it takes them 407 years to revolve in their orbits.

Omicron and Iota

Another double sun of Leo, and one revealed by spectroscopy, is Omicron. In this case the suns are very close together, averaging only 14½ million miles; they revolve in their orbits round a central point between them in 14½ days, while their surfaces must be very close, since one sun is calculated to be about 1,200,000 miles in diameter and the other slightly less. Their light takes 126 years to reach us, so they must be about 7,900,000 times farther than our Sun.

Iota is yet another double star, with the larger sun of 3·9 magnitude a yellowish hue, while the smaller one of 7 magnitude is a pale greenish tint; these take about 186 years to revolve in their orbits, and at a distance from us of 56 light-years. G. F. M.

MONKEY TRICKS AT THE ZOO

A Good Laugh at the Expense of the Keepers

A QUAINT CHARACTER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

A rhesus monkey celebrated his arrival at the Zoo the other day by playing a trick on the keepers.

He is one of a pair of rhesus monkeys sent to the Zoo as a present in the same travelling-box. As they were rather dangerous-looking specimens great care was taken when unpacking them.

They were unpacked in the sanatorium, as it was intended to transfer them to a small cage so that they could be medically examined and kept under observation for a few days before being placed in the Monkey House.

To transfer them without handling them the box was placed against the open door of the cage and then the sliding door of the box was cautiously opened.

Chasing a Fugitive

The female monkey at once walked through into the cage, but her companion began to jump about so that the box rocked and moved slightly from its position against the cage. He then quickly put his head and arms out of the box and jumped out.

The keepers hastened to close the door of the cage and placed the box against it to prevent the female from escaping also, and then they armed themselves with nets and began to chase the fugitive.

Apparently, however, his only idea was to be annoying, for when he saw the keepers get ready with their nets and generally appear excited he gave them a disdainful look, walked calmly toward the cage, pushed over the box, and, having joined his wife inside the cage, shut the door behind him.

Then he lay down and pretended to be dead; his whole attitude suggesting that he felt that he had had a good laugh at the expense of the keepers.

A quaint little Zoo "character" has just celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of his arrival. This is Tommy, a red-billed chough, who was captured in Cornwall in 1914 and sent to the Zoo because he was in a very bad state.

He was not a young bird and had seriously injured his right wing; therefore, far from expecting him to become an old inhabitant, the Zoo had little hope of him surviving long enough to be an exhibit.

A Crippled Chough

But he was nursed back to health, and although he did not recover the use of his wing Tommy soon became so lively that he was placed in an outdoor aviary between the Lion House and the Cattle Sheds, and there he has lived ever since.

He is easily recognised, since he cannot fly, and owing to his crippled wing he hops in a peculiar fashion; he is particularly friendly.

Unlike some members of the crow family the chough cannot talk, but Tommy greets all passers-by with a loud cheerful squawk which sounds like a long-drawn "Hello," and then he hops to the bars to be stroked or fed.

He is the only red-billed chough in the Gardens.

Among the other inmates of the aviary is a pair of Alpine choughs, and in the spring, when these choughs build a nest, Tommy watches them with great interest, but shows no sign of being envious.

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

On the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem a small monastery is being founded by a Czecho-Slovakian society for encouraging pilgrimages to the Holy Land. The chapel will be dedicated in the summer.

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THE KING OF THE CASTLE

An Adventure in the Alps In Three Parts

Told by Henri Chosalle

What Has Happened Before

André Revard, the famous Alpine guide, receives a call for help from his old master the Comte de Pourry, who lives in a lonely castle perched on a rock. André gathers together a few friends and hastens to his assistance.

In the castle is a valuable painting, much envied, with which the Count, in spite of his poverty, will not part. Here lies the danger.

When they arrive both picture and owner have disappeared. Instead they find two men, who tell a strange tale.

PART 3

The Onslaught

As this commotion outside the chateau increased, André told Chart to return to the others and secure doors and windows while he went out himself and held the assailants in check. In vain Chart begged to accompany him.

"Nay," he said. "Should anything happen to me there will still be three of you left to protect the Count's property."

With unfaltering tread he stepped out into the open, and advanced to the gate-house and gateway. He counted nearly a dozen ill-looking miscreants.

"What would you, then?" he asked, without raising his voice.

A roar of furious derision bore their reply. Knives were flourished; cudgels were brandished. Then, whizzing through the gateway a splinter of rock came, which struck him upon the forehead and caused him to reel. With a dazed, choking utterance he rocked on his feet; but even as the foremost ruffians moved forward he recovered himself, and, folding his arms across his chest, he confronted them with such contempt that he stayed them by the sheer fearlessness of his bearing.

Yet this lasted for little longer than one might count ten. Next instant, gripping its weapons, the mob made its rush. But that was not good enough for big Peter Barnet, with his face at the upper window which he was barring. Orders or no orders, he threw back the casements, put his legs across the sill and dropped into the courtyard, at the very moment that Chart and Olaf the Dane left the chateau to look after itself and burst from the doorway.

The Dane was dragging both the prisoners after him. But once in the cobbled courtyard he hurled them aside. "Go! Join your friends if they *are* your friends!" he ejaculated.

Then never had big Peter Barnet rejoiced with such cause in the speed and mighty muscles of which his friends chaffed him. Like a raging whirlwind he flashed to the fight. There were two men at André's throat and bearing him backwards, while another swung his bludgeon for the last blow. But the first two could no more have told you whose fist it was felled them than their comrade could have cheated the terrible grip which closed on his arm till it cracked, and the bludgeon went flying.

Big Peter could have told them. He sucked his bare knuckles. He set himself in front of André. "Who's next?" he roared out. And he stirred with his toe-cap the prostrate pair he had felled. "Get up, you!" he commanded, "and take yourselves off!"

They struggled up and went stumbling out of the gateway.

"Two less!" muttered Peter Barnet.

In the meanwhile Chart and Olaf the Dane were hard pressed. A knife had missed Olaf's shoulder, ripping his coat, and Chart was dangerously surrounded.

But Jim Chart sprang to action. With some blocks of firewood snatched from the pile near the stove he mounted a coping and bombarded the enemy, while Peter Barnet came whirling back into the conflict; with André, breathing hard and bruised, but invincible.

The assailants had had enough. They split up and fled through the gateway.

Having barred the gates behind them, André glanced round and inquired what had become of the two Rumanians, of whom one and all had lost sight in the confusion.

"We had all we could do to look after ourselves," Olaf told him.

"They have slipped us," he cried.

"You do us wrong," came a voice at his elbow. The Rumanians had reappeared and were standing beside him. "We were with you," they declared, smiling.

But the guide's suspicions were as active as ever; and, after he had bathed the gash on his forehead and the others of his party had repaired injury, he signed to Olaf and Barnet to seize the two, and whispering into Jim's ear sent him off.

Then André stepped to his captives. "So you came to Grande Torasse to skate for the Championship? Do you stick to that story?"

"It's the truth," they cried angrily.

"So be it!" André rejoined, and caught Arnold Chart's eye. "We will prove you."

"Nay, we have no skates here," they grumbled.

"Have no fear, I shall find you some," André said suavely. "A trifle old fashioned perhaps, but what matters to champions? See! Here they are!"

Jim had come back with two pairs of skates. They were wooden skates with steel blades and cumbersome straps.

"And now for the lake," André cried.

"We'll want brooms," laughed Peter Barnet, darting indoors again and emerging with three heavy brooms. So they marched out into the grounds, escorting their prisoners and halting beside the lake with its powdering of snow. On this Jim and Peter set to work with a will, and speedily cleared as much space as André required.

"We will first," he announced, "make some tests of these antique contraptions."

Tossing one pair of skates to Arnold, he strapped on the other pair, and, after charging Peter and Olaf to keep tight hold of the prisoners, off he launched with Arnold, side by side over the ice, their arms crossed and hands linked, their bodies swinging in rhythm; when most suddenly they parted, to wheel right and left, and then, each describing his half of a wide circle, they met again within an inch of the spot where they had separated.

"These venerable skates, they will serve us, *hein?*" André was asking, as he and Chart came gliding back to the others.

Arnold nodded. "They'll serve," he said.

They sat on the bank and, plucking some rag from his pocket, the Frenchman polished the blades of his skates till they shone. After watching that Chart did the same; then both rose to their feet.

"Now!" André uttered tensely.

They had taken the ice together but Chart had shot forward, with the Frenchman fast at his heels and some three yards between them. "Now!" the latter uttered again, and with one flying leap he brought his outstretched hands upon Arnold's shoulders either side of the neck. But his body stayed balanced on air, almost rigid as iron and in one straight line from elbows to ankles.

So for an instant; while Chart, who had taken the shock without perceptibly checking his pace, still flew onward.

Then, lightly as any descending feather of snow, the Frenchman released Chart's shoulder and dropped to the ice. He alighted upon his steel blades with hardly a quiver. He was smiling as he rejoined his friends on the bank.

"Tis but a knack!" he said airily.

But where was that airiness when he turned on the strangers? "Now you, if you be the Mavriskis—do that!" he shouted.

They told him sulkily that they were no trick skaters. "Nor do we practise such antics," growled one of the pair.

This roused Chart to anger. "Antics, you call it!" he flared. "Had my friend mistimed his spring by so much as a hair's breadth he must have crashed himself badly. What antics are those? Well do you know that any true champion can do what he will on his skates. And well do you also know," he said, deep in his throat, "that here one finds no expanse sufficient for racing. P'ff! Tis one excuse after another. You are no Mavriskis. Say, what have you done with the Comte de Pourry, you dogs?"

Expostulating, protesting, vainly resisting, they were hurried back to the chateau.

"There are no bolts now to the dungeons," André said grimly.

"Then what to do with these two while we search?" sighed André.

Again the Rumanians struck in. "Spare your trouble," they said. "Is it not obvious that the Count must have made his escape before my friend and I arrived to his rescue? We will help you to search, if afterwards you will suffer us to take our leave."

André reflected.

"Very well," he uttered. "If we find nothing—yes, we will let you go free."

But André signed to Peter Barnet to keep a close eye on them. "For I'm hanged if I trust them," he muttered.

Yet presently, after a long search, when they asked him, "M'sieur, are you satisfied?" he was bound to confess in a grudging tone that he was. For two o'clock had struck and naught had been found, though upstairs and downstairs the party had hunted and shouted.

"I am satisfied," he repeated. "But before we break up will you mount with us to the picture gallery to initial a little statement for the police, for we shall all of us have to attest that the picture is missing."

"With pleasure," they agreed heartily.

Once more André led them all upstairs. But directly they reached the gallery their voices died on their lips.

Half an hour ago they had been up here on their final search. Then the frame had hung empty as they had found it.

It was empty no longer.

In its borders, and confronting them down the long gallery, was set the stern, silent face of the great Comte de Pourry who had carried the arms of Savoy to the siege of Novara. On his breastplate and shoulder-pieces a steel-blue light glinted. His eyes, which were like an eagle's eyes, seemed to be piercing them.

Little wonder that they caught at their breath with amazement.

"See! A miracle!" uttered André in an awed tone.

It was then that the miracle did happen—in front of their eyes. For as they reached the picture upon its dark hangings those hangings shook from end to end of the wall and the portrait itself sprang suddenly into life. Alive it was. These were no features limned by a brush, but the living, breathing features of the old Count.

"Tis my master!" gasped André."

The eyes of the two Rumanians dilated with terror, as the living Comte de Pourry sprang from the frame and called piercingly upon the others to seize them. This was done in an instant.

Removing his breastplate, the Count explained in tense tones.

Anticipating disturbance, he had himself removed and hidden the picture some days ago. And should the chateau be subjected to forcible entry he had intended to take the picture's place in its frame, and then to strike down the first man who laid hands on it. By that stratagem he had hoped to spread panic among them when they saw their comrade struck to earth by the portrait.

"You meant to play on their superstitious fear, M'sieur le Comte?"

"I did," the Count answered. "You have seen for yourself it is simple enough for the upper part of a man's body to appear in the frame. Underneath, behind the hangings, Messieurs, I had set a stout, tall table, on which I was standing. For the rest, it was but a matter of gathering one's feet up to spring, and old as I am I can yet manage that."

"And these two scoundrels?" cried André of the Rumanians.

"Some ten days ago they visited me," said the Count. "They called themselves dealers and made me a bid for my picture. I refused. They threatened. Last night they returned and broke in, surprising me before I could get to the gallery, seized me and stunned me, and left me bound and gagged in the little chamber, scarce more than a cupboard, under the flag-tower They came upon it by chance."

"We called and called!" André said.

"No shouting would reach me up there. I lay half dazed, moreover. When at last some movements reached my ears very dimly I supposed that villainous gang was ransacking the castle. Then, after long struggling, I worked myself free, and, creeping forth, I went to the empty frame."

"How long ago, M'sieur?"

"Some few minutes ago," said the Count, showing signs of distress. "But what has become of the gang these scoundrels collected?"

"And what has become of your servant, M'sieur le Comte?"

"Ah, François? I sent him off only yesterday noontide to make his way, if he could, to the village for help. But I fear that the bandits have seized him——"

"They will release him." It was one of the two cowering prisoners who shouted this.

"So those bandits were *your* creatures!" cried André. "And at Grande Torasse you pretended to be the Mavriskis in order to turn suspicion from your real object."

Thus unmasked, the rogues threw up their arms and flung themselves at the Count's feet, pleading for mercy.

"When the snows break," he said, "I shall hand you to the police." Then affectionately his hand fell on André's shoulder. "Well done, old friend!" he breathed huskily. "Well done, old friend!"

THE END

JACKO MAKES A POULTICE

When Uncle George paid his next visit to the Jacko family he was not so jolly as he had been at Christmas. He arrived unexpectedly one day just before the telegram to say that he was coming.

Mrs Jacko was out, so Jacko welcomed him instead.

"Why, Uncle!" he cried. "What's up? You look pretty bad."

"I feel it too," replied his uncle gloomily. "Frightful cold; getting worse every minute."

His uncle flung it across the room

Jacko heartily wished his mother was in, but everyone was out except Baby.

Uncle George soon made himself at home, however; and after drinking some wish-wash Jacko called tea he decided that bed was the best place for him.

"With your permission, sir," he said teasingly, "I will now retire, and be more cheerful tomorrow!"

Jacko kept Baby as quiet as he could, and before long he slipped upstairs to see the invalid.

"Got any pain, Uncle?" he asked, poking his head round the door.

The answer was a groan. "Just think I *have*," croaked Uncle dismally. "Like sharp knives in my chest."

Presently Jacko had an idea.

"I know what!" he cried. "I'll make you a linseed poultice."

Running downstairs he found an old muslin bag. This he filled nearly full, tied up the ends, and popped it into a hot oven. Presently he marched proudly up to his patient, carrying the poultice on a tray.

"Here, Uncle!" he cried, handling it gingerly so as not to burn his fingers.

"You're a fine chap, Jacko," wheezed the sufferer gratefully. "This ought to tickle things up a bit."

It did. But not in the way he meant! To Jacko's amazement Uncle suddenly bounced up and flung the poultice across the room. "That thing scratches like a cat!" he roared. "You've used some pretty queer linseed, my lad!"

Jacko looked flustered. "I couldn't find any linseed," he stammered, "so I thought hot bird seed would do as well!"

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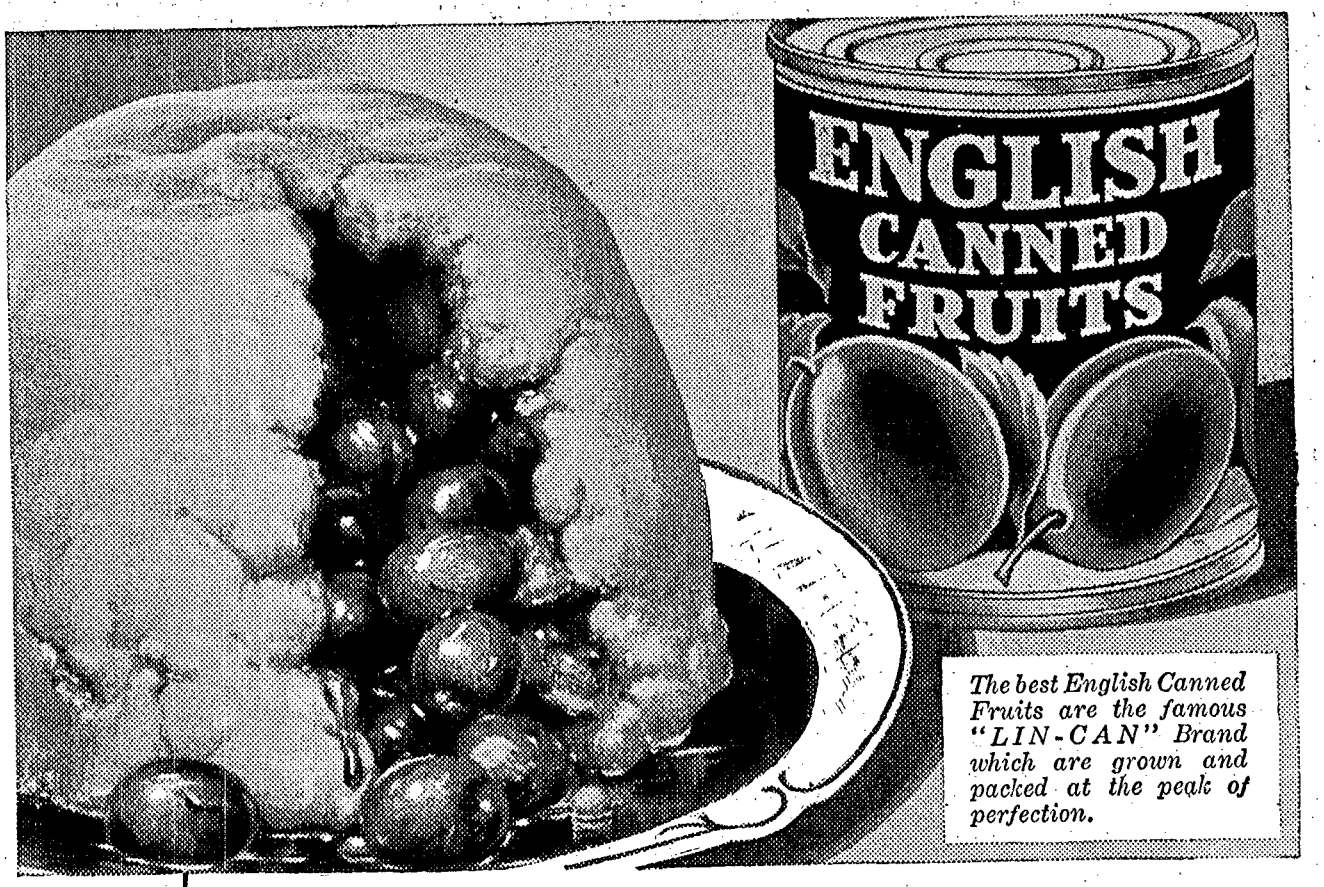

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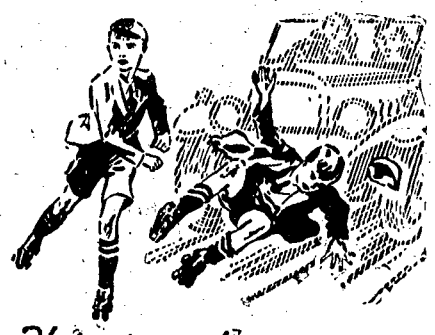
My Dentist Said
KOLYNOS
TOOTH PASTE
Of all Chemists and Stores TRIAL SIZE 6d —UNQUESTIONABLY!

SAFETY FIRST!



This is not
—BUT REMEMBER
SHARP'S the WORD and SHARP'S the TOFFEE
We like best of all.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 16, 1935 — Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

The Family

A man was asked how many children he had, and in reply he said "I have six sons and each son has a sister."

How many children had he? *Answer next week*

It Must Be Janbruary

Rastus, struggling with pen and paper, stopped to study a calendar.

"Has de next month come yet?" he eventually asked his friend.

"What yo' mean, big boy?" queried Pete.

"I means has de last month gone out yet?"

What is a Colour-Marker?

A colour-marker is a dock worker with a particularly interesting job. His task is to mark bales and boxes for export so that they can be recognised by native workers who cannot read. Australian goods are marked blue for Sydney, yellow for Adelaide, and red for Melbourne. Goods for Malta are marked with a red stripe, Alexandria is denoted by a green stripe, and Cairo by a green disc.

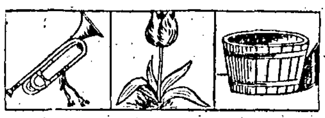
Prevention

The ganger found one of his navvies resting on his spade.

"I thought you told me you never got tired," thundered the ganger.

"Quite right, guv'nor," was the reply. "I always stop and rest before I get tired."

Ici On Parle Français



La trompette — *trumpet*; La tulipe — *tulip*; Le baquet — *tub*

La trompette appellera les soldats.
La tulipe fleurira au printemps.
Pourquoi a-t-on rempli ce baquet?

Guess the Figures

Ask a friend to write on a piece of paper any two single figures that he fancies. Next ask him to double either one of these and add 5 to the result. Then he must multiply the result by 5, and lastly add the other figure. Now ask him to tell you the total, and you should at once be able to inform him of the two figures that he originally selected.

This is done by simply subtracting 25 from the total given, the result always being the two figures first thought of. As an example, suppose the figures thought of were 6 and 4. Let us say that he doubles the 6, and this gives 12. Now he adds 5 and he gets 17. Next he multiplies by 5 and the result is 85. Lastly he adds the other figure, 4, so getting 89, the number which he tells you. If you take 25 from 89 you will get 64, or 6 and 4, the two numbers thought of first. This trick will work with any two figures from 1 to 9.

Eton on a Stamp

This stamp, bearing a picture of Eton, was issued by Newfoundland in 1933 to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the first English colony in North America. It was in 1583 that Sir Humphrey

Gilbert took possession of the island; and during the homeward voyage he went down with his ship in a storm. Gilbert was born at Dartmouth and educated at Eton and Oxford.

Wise Things That Seem Foolish

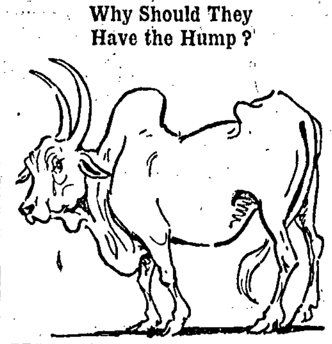
If we wear flannel to keep ourselves warm it would seem absurd to wrap a block of ice in flannel to prevent it from melting. But it would be quite the right thing to do.

We do not wear flannel to make us warm but to prevent the warmth from passing out of our bodies. Flannel is simply a bad conductor of heat. What happens when we wrap up ice in flannel is that we prevent heat from passing through to the ice from outside: we have put a barrier between heat and cold.

What is It?

In every sublime, in each dignified station,
It's held in derision by most of the nation;
With every superior it's sure to be seen,
With thieves in the gaol as often have been;
A friend to mankind in village or city,
It's equally ready to ruin or pity.
These hints are enough; but, if more you require,
It's a stranger to heat, though found in the fire. *Answer next week*

Why Should They Have the Hump?



Why these beasts should have the hump
Seems Zoo-ologists to stump.

He Had Plenty

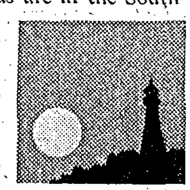
The Professor was alone in the house, so he answered the knock on the door.

"Any old clothes, guv'nor?" asked the caller.

"No, my good man," replied the Professor. "Have you?"

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planets Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, and Mars is in the East toward midnight. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East and Mars is in the South.



The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Monday, February 18.

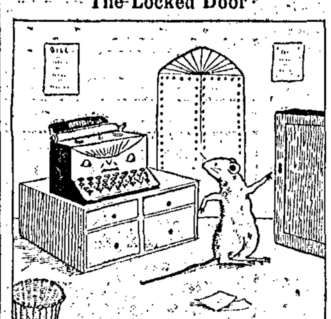
A Cheap Trip

Mac: Since I left ye last night I've been right back hame.

Donald: Not tae Scotland, mon; that's impossible.

Mac: Aye, tae Scotland. When I left ye, I hear-r-d a mon playin' the bagpipes and the music carried me right back.

The Locked Door



Mr Typewriter, please lend me your keys,
For in that big cupboard I think I smell cheese."
The machine in amazement looked haughtily down
(And on his broad face he wore a big frown).
"My keys," he said proudly, aren't common, young mouse;
Go, borrow the kind that you want from the house."

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to January 19, 1935, are compared with the corresponding weeks of the previous year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1935	BIRTHS 1934	DEATHS 1935	DEATHS 1934
London ..	4628	4628	3885	5395
Glasgow ..	1716	1676	1430	1221
Liverpool ..	1264	1362	852	1076
Birmingham	1137	1182	905	1186
Belfast.. ..	688	661	519	476
Edinburgh ..	479	554	488	523
Nottingham..	360	343	271	388
Plymouth ..	227	294	187	254
Swansea ..	222	200	157	189
York	95	79	88	110
Watford ..	76	54	43	50
Cambridge ..	63	49	65	81

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Sisters. 24 and 15

Mixed Fruit. Apricot

The Beginning

One day when Raikes the gardener was trimming a young tree his pruning-knife slipped and cut a deep gash in the stem.

"Crumbs!" he said, "I must put a clay poultice over that," and he was about to do so when he was interrupted by a call from his employer. So the cut was left, and forgotten.

A few years later a wood-louse was crawling round the base of that tree.

"Crumbs!" he said. "There's decaying wood somewhere about here."

He proceeded to investigate, and found that the wood of the tree had rotted where it had been damaged years before. He carried the news to his friends, and before long a colony of wood-lice had taken possession, as a result of which the hole was made much larger. Sometimes rain trickled into the hole and helped to spread the decay.

Years after that a sprightly young blue tit visited the tree.

"Crumbs!" he said. "This hole in the tree looks promising," and he flew off to search for his wife, who was just then seeking for grubs among the buds of a fruit tree.

"Can't you see I am busy?" complained Mrs Blue Tit in reply to her husband's insistent calls.

When she heard that there was a desirable residence with vacant possession near by she went with her mate to the hole, peeped cautiously inside, pecked at the soft decayed wood, and decided that the hole could easily be made large enough for a family. So they took possession. In the course of time a family of blue tits was hatched, and eight fearful youngsters tumbled out of the hole, tried their wings, and presently flew away. But the next spring one of them returned to the old hole and decided to use it for his home.

So for years the hole was used by family after family of tits.

Many years later the north-east wind was raging, spreading damage and destruction wherever he could find an opportunity.

"Crumbs!" he said, "this tree has been damaged and weakened. I wonder if I am strong enough to blow it down."

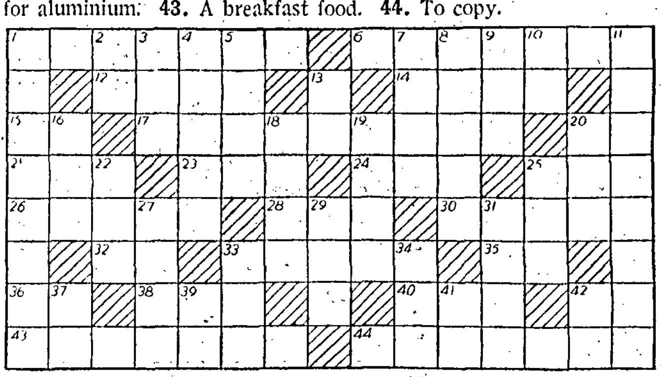
He blew a great blast. Creak, crack, cr-r-rash! and the tree snapped off, because it had been weakened when it was young.

When it fell, "Crumbs!" said the gardener, and the wood-louse, and the blue tit. But it was not the same gardener, nor the same wood-louse, nor the same blue tit.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Asterisks after certain clues denote abbreviations. The answer will appear next week.

Reading Across. **1.** An advisory body. **6.** Stresses. **12.** A luscious fruit. **14.** Implements of war **15.** Bachelor of Medicine.* **17.** Deep-toned instruments. **20.** An exclamation. **21.** Leguminous plant. **23.** Singular. **24.** Fresh. **25.** To bind. **26.** A festivity. **28.** Royal Automobile Club.* **30.** To injure with hot water. **32.** For example.* **33.** This flag is blue. **35.** Above and touching. **36.** South Africa.* **38.** A South African quadruped. **40.** Not well. **42.** Symbol for aluminium. **43.** A breakfast food. **44.** To copy.

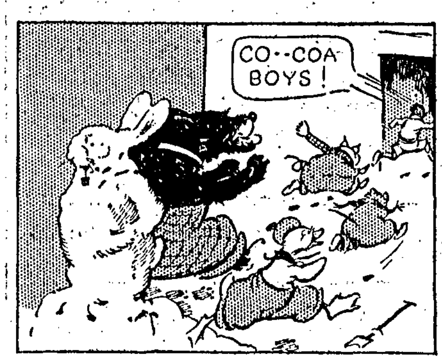


Reading Down. **1.** To condense. **2.** Elevated. **3.** A snare. **4.** A song of joy. **5.** A common metal. **7.** Bamboo stick. **8.** Ships companies. **9.** River of Germany. **10.** Nova Scotia.* **11.** A tabulated statement. **13.** A sailor.* **16.** A busy insect. **18.** A small lake. **19.** On one occasion. **20.** To be ill. **22.** Hail! **25.** Sunburn **27.** Popular at Easter. **29.** Devoured. **31.** A young horse. **33.** A variety of dog. **34.** An edge. **37.** Automobile Association.* **39.** Chemical symbol for sodium. **41.** Light infantry.* **42.** Denotes coincidence.

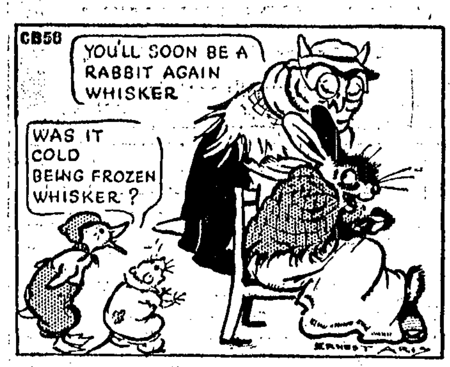
THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

The 'Rabbit' Snow Man

The Cococubs thought they'd give Granny Owl a lovely surprise by making a snow man outside her shop. Whisker suggested it would be fun if they made *him* into a snow man—much more real!



Whisker quickly became a Rabbit of snow. Suddenly Granny Owl cried out "Cocoa, boys!" In they rushed, quite forgetting snowy Whisker, who was left to shiver and freeze.



"Where's Whisker?" asked Granny Owl, and those thoughtless boys rushed to dig him out. Granny gave him two cups of chocolaty cocoa and quickly turned him into a nice warm rabbit.

There's a Cococub in every tin of The CHILDREN'S Bournville Cocoa

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